

This Woman Earned \$65.00 a Month — Right at Home!

Here is the simple record of a woman out in Saskatchewan who found a way to help out when things looked rather black. And in hundreds of homes throughout the Dominion other men and women are turning their spare hours into real dollars. Read Mrs. Stevens' inspiring story and send for free information about our Home-Earning Plan.

Mrs. Stevens' Letter

"FOR a long time I had been looking for some way to make extra money. Then one day, two years ago, I noticed an advertisement of the Auto Knitter in the Saskatoon Star, and although I had answered several "Make Money At Home" ads (only to find that a person had to spend a great deal of time and money learning something that was really difficult) I decided to make one more try. I wrote to the Company and in a short time I received an Auto Knitter with their splendid guarantee to take all of my work. In two or three days I learned how to make socks, and in a very short time I could make women's and children's stockings, sweaters, toques. I have two small children and my housework to do, yet during the last six months I averaged \$65.00 a month clear profit. You may use this letter and my photograph if you wish as it may be of benefit to some other women in a similar circumstance."

Signed, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Saskatchewan.

Here is the Whole Plan

In the quiet privacy of her own home Mrs. Stevens knits wool socks with the Auto Knitter—a simple hand knitting machine that knits socks complete from top to toe. When a few dozen pairs are knit they are sent to us parcel post. Upon being received they are counted and weighed, and the exact amount of yarn that has been used is returned to Mrs. Stevens. This does not cost her one cent. We replace it each time so that more socks may be knit. With this replaced yarn we send a Money-Order paying for the knitting, and in order that these Money-Orders will be clear profit, we pay the Postal charges on the work that is sent in, and on the yarn we replace.

Have you ever heard of a cleaner-cut or more business-like way of making money? You have positively nothing to do but knit socks, mail them to us, and receive Money-Orders and new yarn. Not once or twice, but week in and week out year after year.

It Does Not Matter Where You Live

As everything is done by mail it does not matter where you live. Nor is it necessary to know one thing about a knitting machine. The actual knitting of a sock is nothing more than turning a handle three hundred times and making simple needle changes. The work is light, clean, and easy. Young people, old folks, even children, all work for us.



**We Supply the Machine
and Yarn**

You Supply the Spare Time

The great success of the Auto Knitting business is based upon co-operation. With over Two Thousand merchants selling the socks our workers knit, we have immediate sale for every pair we can possibly get. Auto Knitting is a tested established way of earning money without leaving home. Every week we mail Hundreds of Pay-cheques to those who work for us.

There is No Canvassing

You are perhaps familiar with the ordinary ways offered for spare time money making, the most common form is canvassing—but very few find themselves suited for selling, and to others it would be quite distasteful. Other plans offered are equally as unattractive and undignified.

It is therefore easy to understand why those who take up Auto Knitting are so happy in their work. For they are engaged in an occupation that is not only interesting and pleasant, but it is private.

Simply Send Us Your Name

Some folks hesitate about sending in a coupon thinking that it will obligate them to buy something. Well, here is one coupon that won't. When you send your name, we will mail you a beautiful booklet giving you complete information—How to get started, and what you can earn. We want you to know of the pleasant and profitable place we have for you as one of our workers. We want you to know of the substantial amounts that even a small part of your time will earn for you. We want you to know that no matter where you live or when you start you can work for us. Simply send us your name, you will be delighted with what we send you.



Knit Socks at Home



Send Them to Toronto



Receive Our Pay Cheques

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited
Department No. 561
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs—

Without the slightest obligation on my part please send me information about making money at home.

Name

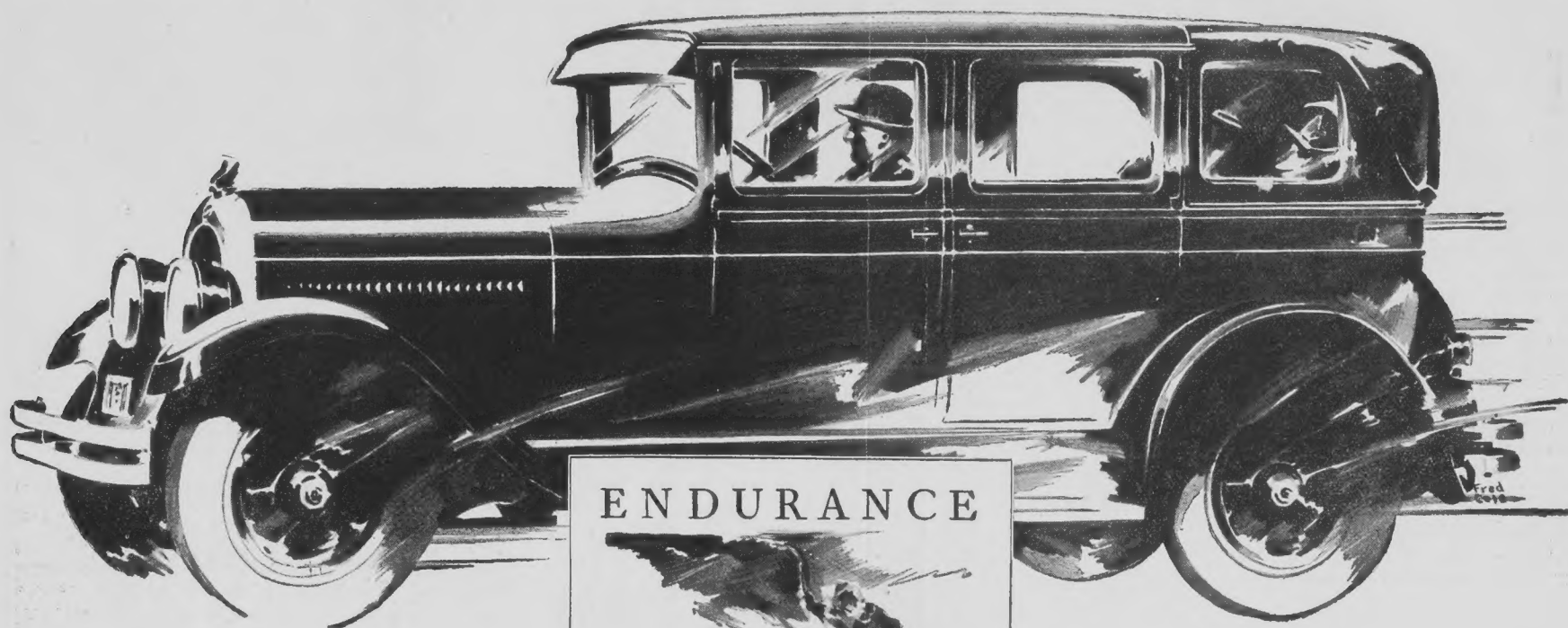
Address

Province

Publication, Western Home Monthly, Jan. 1-27.

THE NEW FINER CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



ENDURANCE



More and More the Motor-Wise Demand These New Standards of Today

More and more discerning and motor-wise buyers are refusing to accept less than Chrysler standards and are turning naturally to the advanced standards of the new, finer Chrysler "70".

While the industry is still emulating the beauty, smartness, luxury and the engineering and mechanical superiorities of the first Chrysler of three years ago with varying measures of success, the new, finer Chrysler "70" is now further wide-

ning the gap between itself and the commonplace.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer perfection of appointment—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color harmonies far in advance of current blendings.

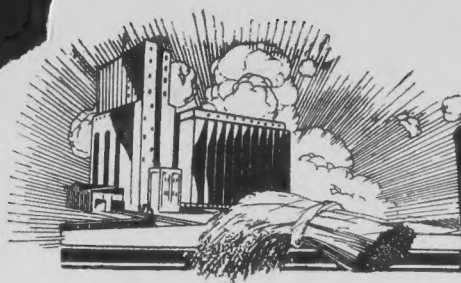
The first Chrysler was years ahead in speed, power, symmetry and long

life. And this finer Chrysler "70" with its new eye-compelling beauty and alluring luxury and comfort, joined to a performance still as fresh and unrivalled as in its very beginning, only emphasizes the leadership which for three years has meant nothing but Chrysler.

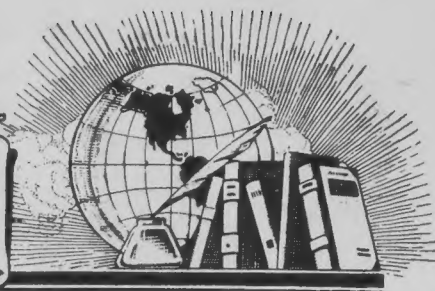
Sport Phaeton \$2150; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) \$2150; Brougham \$2225; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) \$2250; Royal Sedan \$2250; Crown Sedan \$2610; All prices f.o.b. Windsor, Ontario, (freight only to be added). Above prices include all taxes, bumpers front and rear, spare tire, tire cover and tank full of gasoline.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, Chairman of the Board





EDITORIAL



The British Conference

IT IS interesting to note how the party newspapers view the Conference in London. None of them dare attack the decisions arrived at, so there appear explanations, lame defences, and attacks on the opposition, until one wonders why there ever was such a fuss about nothing. Yet the decisions have meant a great deal to the Empire, for they have cleared the air. No longer are the Dominions bound to the Motherland as the wheels are bound to a coach. Rather do they resemble a living organism of which each is a member—depending upon all the rest but useful to all the rest. In other words, the union is not mechanical, but spiritual. For that reason its essence cannot be described in words or statutes. Why should the arm prate about its independence, or the foot about its God-given rights as if either could exist independently? Of course when a member becomes so diseased as to be continually in a state of irritation, it had better be removed or doctored. There is not a Dominion that can afford to be removed just now, and so the self-doctoring process had better begin. A few poultices are needed in Canada, and the first had better go to the extreme party newspapers.

Growth

“YOU must keep growing mentally. New ideas must be acquired. If you fail in this, your mind will go stale. There is so much being learned today. New knowledge is being discovered. The modern mind is growing so rapidly, you cannot afford to stop your own mind. Keep going or your children will pass you. Your employer will discover you as having stopped. Keep your face ever toward the rising sun, nor let the morning dawn get out of your sight. Enlargement of knowledge during the past quarter of a century has been greater than any other period in the history of mankind. The world today is living in a different atmosphere than that in which our fathers lived. Indeed, any man past forty is surrounded by a world of absolutely new information. We are living in a new world. If you are not reading, you do not know anything about it. You are of the class of Rip Van Winkle. You may be in the world, but you are not at home in it. The old places where you once lingered and found friends and companionship have disappeared. You are travelling on an old train, on a side line. You have been side-tracked on a system where the engine is stoked with wood. The great trunk lines go forward under electric power. You make ten miles an hour and stand in amazement when the modern-day thinker goes by with immeasurable rapidity. It takes a lot of reading and intellectual assimilation and instruction to keep up with the procession today. What are you doing? Are you clinging to your old ideas? Have you hedged yourself in? Do you refuse to accept new thought and the results of new discoveries and inventions? What kind of truth are you carrying round with you? Is it old, musty? Better give it an early inspection. The truth is not reached at a single bound. Centuries bring it on. Generations bring it closer. Follow the majestic word, Truth.”

Change

IN THE universe everything from the unthinkably great to the infinitesimal is in motion. The worlds cannot stand still. And because there is motion, there is change.

All nature gives evidence of such change. Planets appear, live out their active existence, and die; rocks form, suffer convulsions and in course of time wear away; old forms of plant and animal life give way to more suitable varieties.

So also new forces supplant the old. The motor car takes the place of the ox-cart, electricity the place of steam. As for inventions, they are numberless, and they are here both to bless and to curse. There is not a field in which the new is not every year ousting the old.

What is true in the natural world and the world of trade and commerce, is also true in the world

of thought. Men's opinions and knowledge and feeling, their attitudes and expectations are no longer what they were in the bygone ages, nor even in the time of our grandparents.

Nor must one resent this change. A serviceable being must be adapted to his environment. Fifteenth-century outlook and understanding cannot deal with twentieth century problems and conditions. It is as true of civilization generally as of the individual that there is a childhood, an age of romance and a thinking manhood. The great misfit in society is he who in his manhood still clings to the ways and thoughts of childhood, he who would model present-day thought and feeling upon the experiences of the first century or the middle ages.

The New Year

By M. F. Osborne

*O, the New Year is here, Dear Heart,
And what in it do we see?
A chance for fresh beginning;
To wipe out all old sinning;
To throw the shackles of the past
From off both you and me.*

*O, the old year has gone, Dear Heart!
What means that to you and me?
Time has turned its fruits all mellow;
Time had tinged its pages yellow;
Time had stepped with heavy feet
Toward Life's Gethsemane.*

*Yes, the New Year is here, Dear Heart,
The glad New Year is here.
Our days take on new splendor,
Hearts sweeter grow, more tender,
In the fresher, fairer dawning
Of the roseate New Year.*

Then and Now

ACCEPTING this it follows that the home, the school, the church, the state, the vocations cannot follow ideals of olden times. It is not that the necessities of today demand better institutions than the necessities of olden times, but that the law of adaptation makes the new imperative. No man can put old wine into new bottles, nor can one say that the modern home is in every way an improvement on the old, the modern school a decided advance over the little red school of our childhood, the modern church with its emphasis on social reform very much better than the church of yesterday with its emphasis on creeds and rules of behavior; government by the people in all respects more successful and satisfactory than government by an autocrat, and certainly no one will contend that the rise of the factory and the division of labor has been altogether for the good of mankind. Yet on the whole there has been progress, and the hope is not in returning to the old but in making way for a still newer, that will be better than either old or present forms. And this is true without restriction. Not even in religious thought can the world stand still.

As Lowell puts it in the Bigelow Papers:

“John P. Robinson, he
Says they didn't know everything
Down in Judea.”

Education and Politics

CANADA is fortunate in that education has always been free from party politics. The evil of political interference is appreciated when one considers what has happened recently in the State of Washington. Dr. Henry Suzzallo was one of the brightest and most competent presidents of a State

University to be found anywhere, yet he was dismissed by the trustees who were directly appointed by the Governor of the State. The Governor was a wealthy lumberman who differed with the president on political issues, and it is said that this was his way of getting even. At least, this is what the National Educational Association says. As between the two men it might have been far more fitting for the President to dismiss the Governor. Anyway, nobody ever found fault with President Suzzallo as administrator. He was highly esteemed in his own State and elsewhere, yet he appears to have been in the way. The same thing occurred in Kansas some time previously and as a result they had to revise the law governing the appointment of trustees. Now, it is a good thing that in Canada we have never had politics control education in just this way. But there are other ways, and so we had better be careful. Just now we had better be careful. The man or the party that makes an attempt of this kind is heading for sudden death.

Ontario

THE battle in Ontario was not over the use of liquor but over the method of control. It is the same battle that has been fought in the other provinces. Prohibition, in the opinion of the people, has not succeeded. Those who have witnessed the operation of what is known as government control, as in British Columbia and Manitoba, will say that it has been even less successful. Does it not seem as if we have yet to find a way out?

It is not going to be an easy way. For on the face of it, government control is a good thing for the treasury, and no government will willingly adopt measures that will likely lessen revenue, even though the people are re-paying the sum many times over in indirect taxation.

It seems that every province has to have a trial of all systems. In the meantime the people will lose socially and morally so long as liquor is used too freely. Everybody recognizes the dangers and evils of the traffic and most people would like to minimize the dangers. They differ in judgment as to the best methods of attack. We must wait a little to know whether Ontario's judgment was good or bad.

China

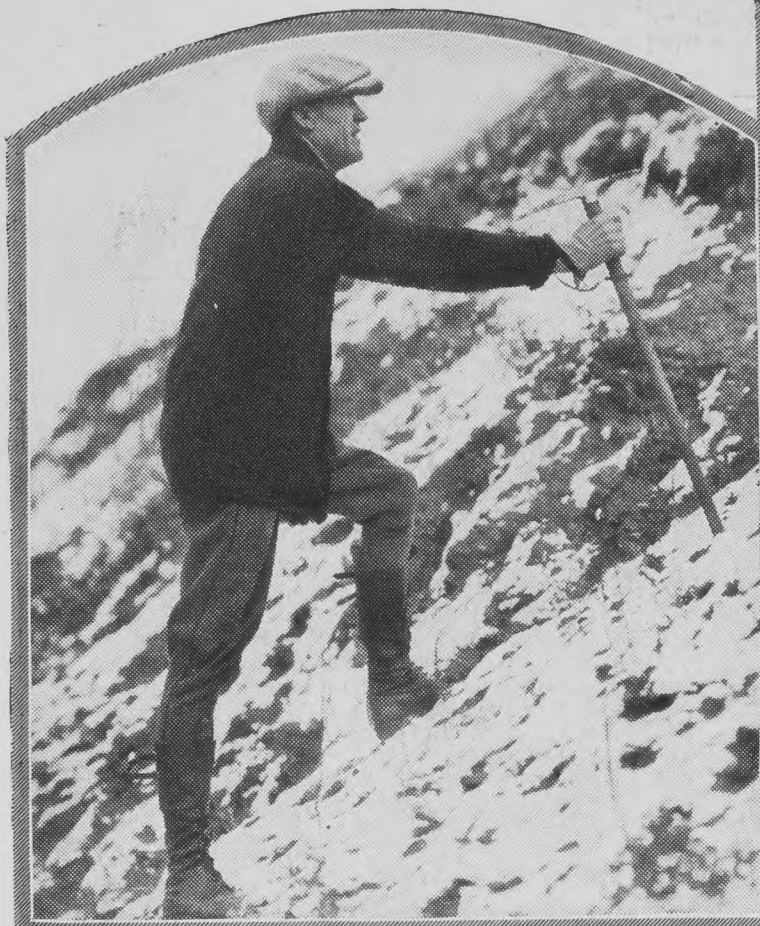
THAT was a remarkable meeting in London which protested against foreign domination of China. The fact that 100,000 people signed a manifesto to the Premier indicates public sentiment. When Americans and Britishers go to China to conduct trade it does not follow that the affairs of the country must be run to suit them. The cry “China for Chinamen” is as just as our cry “Canada for Canadians” or America's cry “America for Americans.” Japan grew into a mighty nation because she took government in her own hands. Why not encourage the same thing in China? They will never attain to self-government if they do not begin it. It is *their* country.

Riches

OF LIVING men, few are greater and wiser than the Hindu poet Tagore. He is one who perceives real values in life. Among his recent sayings was a paragraph dealing with America (which we may take to include Canada). Here it is as reported by Aldo Sorani in the *London Observer*:

“Do you share the belief of some others that assistance for this necessary work of clearance and rebuilding could profitably come to us from America?”

“No; America is too far away, too much a prey also to the very same ills that agitate Europe, too preoccupied with this world's goods, and too rich. One could quote to her the words of Christ: ‘It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven.’ For America to prove of aid and inspiration to Europe, it would behoove her also to have gone through the deep waters of calamity. Moreover, America is not free. We in India are, it is true, under a foreign domination, but we are freer men by far than Americans—spiritually freer.”



"I WAS SO TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION that two months ago I was just about giving up my work. One night I was talking to one of the boys and he told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. Now I am no longer bothered with constipation and I feel fine. My work is a pleasure instead of a grind and I have Fleischmann's Yeast to thank for my good health."

W. J. KELLY, Calgary, Alta.



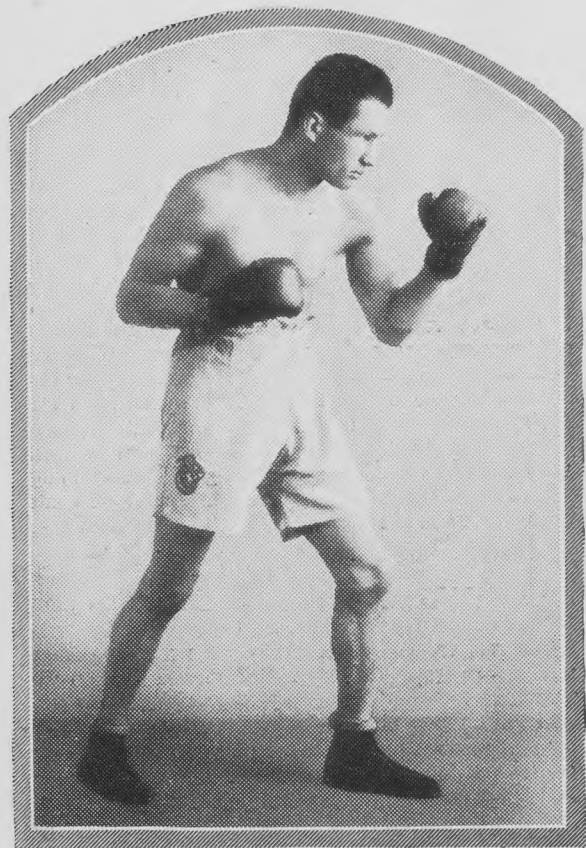
"I USED TO SUFFER GREATLY FROM INDIGESTION in the form of headaches and biliousness. I tried many kinds of medicines which my friends were continually recommending to me, and finally, on someone's suggestion, I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began taking three cakes a day and

soon found that my headaches and biliousness were gradually disappearing. In a short time I was no longer troubled with them. Even after I was entirely free of my ailments, however, as a further guarantee of good health, I continued taking Fleischmann's Yeast; two cakes a day."

MRS. J. H. FLEMING, Regina, Sask.

Enter—Health, Energy, Ambition

This simple food conquers constipation, corrects skin and stomach disorders *in an easy, natural way*



"WHEN I WENT TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES I was unable to obtain Fleischmann's Yeast on the ship and began to be troubled with small boils. My trainer said this was customary with athletes unless they ate Yeast or took some tonic. I had eaten Yeast for several years at home and consequently had been saved these physical discomforts. On my return I ate Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and, in splendid physical condition, went in for the Amateur Championship of North and South America,—which I won."

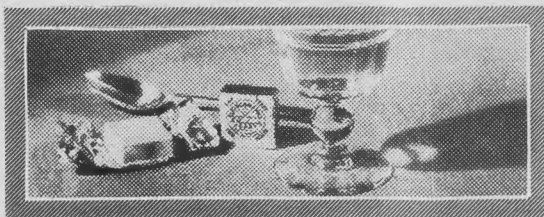
CHARLES BELANGER, Vancouver, B. C.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. S-1, The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., Can.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—
aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation



"I FOUND MYSELF QUITE RUN DOWN due to the continuous strain of many social activities. I grew nervous, lost energy and became easily irritated. A number of people recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it for a short while but, noticing no great improvement, discontinued it. Later I realized this was not a fair trial and began taking Yeast again regularly. In three months everyone commented on my improvement. Fleischmann's Yeast is a wonderful tonic."

MRS. W. CLARK, Hamilton, Ont.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS MADE IN CANADA

The Revenge of Ben Sabath

By
Will
R. Bird

Illustrated by
Kathleen Allen

THEY say an elephant is the most revengeful creature on earth and that a genuine Redskin runs a close second. Maybe they're right, but there are very revengeful white men and some of them have queer notions of revenge. Take Ben Sabath for instance . . . The speaker halted. You've been teasing me for a yarn of the woods. If you'll listen I'll tell you about Ben.

Would I listen! To me an evening by an open fire with Kent of the Forest Rangers was a glorified treat. I assented vigorously.

Two years ago this spring, he began, I was up the Sissiboo river with Ben. The Indians had been trapping out of season and we were doing a patrol of the muskrat territory. Ben was nearly sixty. His hair had greyed a trifle and his face was lined and tanned by sun and wind, otherwise he was untouched by age. He was a big man of magnificent physique and quick as a panther. He had a woman's soft blue eyes but a man's jaw and mouth—rugged and resolute. His father was a cold-blooded Englishman, and his mother an Irish concert singer. Such a complex was bound to produce the unusual.

The snow and ice had stayed with us until the last of April and then a south wind, warm and gentle as a baby's breath, had bared the swamps and barrens. Black ice still lingered in brushy hollows but the woodpeckers were hammering everywhere and the frogs were going great guns. Our cabin was at the back of a small clear about three hundred yards from the river. We could hear it droning at night and when you went nearer the sound grew to the roar of a cataract. The Sissiboo was a green-white demon, a swollen, discolored racehorse that sent chills down your spine.

In the evenings we smoked and swapped yarns and it was one of these times when Ben told me his history. I'll never forget how excited he got or the hate that trembled in his voice. "I've tramped these woods for twenty-odd years," he said, "And I hate them now as when I first come in. Different times I've packed up and gone out to the settlements—and moved back the next day. It was a girl, Kent, as you must know. Not one of these skinny, bobbed-hair 'moderns,' but a healthy lass with dimples and the teasingest blue eyes I've ever seen. We met as if our lives had just led up, natural-like, to that event and it was a one-two-three affair. I was making big money selling ship-timber and was quite busy, but I always managed to spend one or two evenings a week with Nellie. Those evenings with her were just like being in heaven and I used to think that to hear that bubbling laugh of hers and to see that quick toss of her curls was all I wanted on earth. Then a young lawyer came to the place and hung

out his shingle. He was a mighty handsome young fellow, clever and obliging, and had a habit of getting what he went after—till him and me both wanted the same property down at Bugler's Bay. It's a fashionable summer resort now but the Bay was only a quiet village then, a pretty place, with nice gardens and cherry orchards. The house was a brick one, neat and comfortable. I beat the lawyer to the bargain by a margin of thirty minutes and everybody patted me on the back. Nellie and I were to be married that fall. In August I had to go to New York on business and when I came back the folk at the station acted as if they were at a funeral. I grabbed a chap and asked him what was wrong. He squirmed a bit and then blurted out that Nellie had married the lawyer and they had run away."

Ben had worked himself into a fury but at this point he calmed down to a control that was worse than his heat.

"I never tried to find them," he continued. "Because if ever I had met that scoundrel I'd have killed him sure. That's why I come up here. The lawyer turned out as I had expected. He was a crook from start to finish but polished and slippery enough to keep out of jail. He ran with other women, drank, gambled, and got arrested regularly. The smart streak he had always got him clear, however, and then he commenced to make a big haul by promoting wild-cat schemes. His health failed a few years ago, but he's still hatching mushroom companies and making a sort of living. You see I've a friend who keeps me posted."

Ben was silent awhile and then I ventured to remark that he shouldn't have let such a couple ruin his life. His chuckle was devilish.

"You don't understand, Kent," he said, as if explaining to a boy. "Nellie's husband has always kept her with him. He keeps within the law enough to stop her from getting a divorce, and, in a way she's a spirited woman, one of these that'll abide by what they've done. Just imagine the life she's had with him." He chuckled again. "And, Kent, there's another reason why I've stayed in the woods. Nellie came home on a visit and heard I was in the Service and almost a mental wreck on account of what she'd done. Her people made inquiries and this friend I have let them think the

worst. He wrote me about it and I stayed up here to see what would happen. Sure enough, two or three years later she managed to get home again and she tried hard to find out where I was. She got much the same tale as before. The game has lasted ever since. She hasn't been home much of late years but she has always hunted up my friend and his reports to me have never been cheerful."

"But where—how will this all end?" I interrupted.

"That skunk of hers will die some day," Ben spoke with slow relish. "And then I'll marry some respectable woman and open up that house at Bugler's Bay. That'll be my finishing touch. I'm fairly well kept," he surveyed himself with pardonable pride, "and my money's been well invested. I'll let Nellie see what she might have had."

I could not sleep that night. Never had I heard of vengeance carried out with such personal sacrifice. Ben had exiled himself in the woods to keep that woman worrying and coolly planned to marry "some respectable woman" merely to add to the torture of his victim. His cold-blooded English traits must have mingled with Irish hate.

ONE rainy afternoon we stayed in camp and just at dusk heard a queer sound, like a saw-mill a long way off. We went outside and saw an aeroplane rising and dipping above the trees. As we watched it come over our clear, circled a few times and then came down like a hen landing in water. There was a smashing and splintering as the machine hit a stub, and then came cries for help. We ran over and pulled two men out of the wreckage. One, a red-headed, blustering fellow, was the pilot. He had a sprained ankle and some bad cuts. The other was a fat chap, with puffy pink fingers and bulging eyes. He wasn't hurt a particle but started running around the busted plane and yelling. It dawned on us that there must be another man in the ruins. We found him crumpled up in the framework. He was dressed in a pin-checked suit, colored silk shirt, socks and ties to match, and enough jewellery for one of them dowagers in the Sunday papers. His skin was as pasty and white as bleached celery and when the fat man chafed his hands they made a crispy sound, like a snake crawling over dead leaves.

"This man is Biggar, the head of the Star Development Company," barked the fat guy. "I'm his doctor and if you'll carry him over to your shack I'll find out how bad he's hurt."

We salvaged part of a wing of the plane and carried the fellow over. He was unconscious and looked like a corpse. Then we helped the pilot in and fixed up his ankle. Ben was acting as if the plane had no business breaking up in our clear. His face was like a copper mask but his eyes had an ugly glitter. By-and-by the doctor came out. He had got over his flutter but talked like a patrol inspector.

"What camp is this and who is in charge," he asked.

I explained that we were a Forest Patrol.

"Well, how far is it to the railroad? We got lost in this beastly fog and ran out of gas. Biggar is

He was walking arm in arm with a lady who leaned towards him with affection

hurt inwardly and must be taken to a hospital at once."

I told him there were twelve miles of stagnant pools and moss-choked timber between us and the railway and that the only quick way out was by water, that we were dependent on the Service Boat and it was not due until next week.

"But, my dear fellow, we must be out by tomorrow night," he declared, and looked at me as if I should spring into action.

You had better send for another aeroplane, then, I told him. He looked at me as if I were a small-pox germ and then walked over to Ben. I expected that the old fellow would hit him and so I nearly collapsed when their talk ended in a handshake. The doctor went inside and Ben got his axe and began to sharpen it.

"I'm going to build a raft, Kent," he said calmly. "It's our only chance to save that man's life."

But no raft can live through the Greasy Rocks and the Devil's Back Teeth, I argued.

"I think one can," he answered, "and if you'll come along you'll see for yourself."

The Greasy Rocks would terrify an experienced boatman in ordinary times. They line a series of rapids where the waters acquire terrific speed and boiling currents spill over hidden rocks in a way that makes the whole river an oily-black surface edged with lathery foam. It takes courage and skill to guide a boat through, and to think of living through it when the spring freshet's on, with a log raft and green passengers seemed to me the next thing to suicide. Four miles below the Rocks the river curves itself dizzy and jagged tooth of rock split the current into lanes. To miss one of those lanes when you're shooting down stream is to cross the Great Divide without any advance notice. Walk with the lame and you'll limp, they say, I'd been with Ben so long that I must have caught some of his restlessness, for I gave in to him and we built a long, narrow raft by lantern light. It's shape would make it easier to steer through the Devil's Back Teeth.

I went to have a peep at Biggar before turning in and I wished that I hadn't. He looked like an exhumed body and his grin reminded me of a man drawing a knife. The doctor bustled around and explained that his patient was somewhat unreasonable about the delay. I noticed the looseness of Biggar's mouth and the craft in his beady eyes; he was surely a type of shark that is known in every city.

IT WAS a fresh, clean-washed morning when we embarked and to me it seemed a sacrilege to carry such a carrion as Biggar out in God's sunlight. His illness had apparently drugged the man's sense of danger, for he stared with apathy at the waves that bubbled and sucked close to the raft. The heavy green logs rode low in the water, so we had built a pole platform for our passengers. The pilot hobbled on board and then sat shivering as he watched the river. The doctor skipped across the slippery sticks like a two-year-old and took a seat by the sick man. Ben pushed off and the current seized us like a thing alive. The raft jerked sideways and spun about, then answered our guiding.

We shot down the river like an arrow and our swiftness increased as we sped through a belt of dead pines. If anything went wrong we would pay dear for the life of one miserable specimen of humanity. It seemed no time before we were in sight of the Greasy Rocks. The noise and motion of the rapids were oddly confusing and I glanced at our passengers. The pilot, a sickly gray color, was hanging on for his life. The doctor was sitting tight, his face set as if for a poker game. The sick man was apparently indifferent as to what happened. The jagged shores dashed by in a blur and the tumbling water that raced with us rocked our raft like a plaything. As we split a blinding smother of froth and spray I glimpsed Ben straining every muscle over his steering pole and we shaved a spearhead of black rock by no more than an inch. We flashed by a white chauldron on our left, swerved, and were jarred by a heavy blow from beneath. The clumsy raft spun around but we had been shot into free open water. It was all that saved us, for our raft was parting in the middle and the pilot started to yell till Ben gave him a look that was worse than a slap in the face. Somehow we managed to get ashore near an alder clump and found that the main cross timber underneath had been struck away like matchwood.

We were in a swamp corner and had to wade nearly a mile to find suitable timber to make repairs. Everything acted against us and by the time we were finished it was too dark to try the Devil's Back Teeth, so we made camp, using our Service tent for Biggar's lot and a brush shelter for ourselves.

It was a starless night and the swamp seemed haunted by the booming of the rapids a mile above. The camp fire flickered and smoked in the river damp and Ben was as restless as a caged tiger. He paced back and forth continually and I had a hard time getting him to come under the blankets with me. When I woke, some time in the night, he was gone, and I heard his voice in the gloom of the tent. He was talking in a low pitch but there was something in his tones that made my flesh creep, though I couldn't make out a word he said. I knew it was useless for me to butt in and so, after he was quiet, I fell asleep again.

It was when we broke camp in the morning that I noticed the change in Biggar. His manner had the furtiveness of a hunted fox and when Ben stepped on the raft, close up to the sick man's head, I saw ghastly fear in Biggar's eyes. He had been unmoved as we flirted with death at the Greasy Rocks, surely he was not afraid of the Teeth. Our luck was with us again but I think everyone on the



It dawned on us that there must be another man in the ruins. We found him crumpled up in the frame work.

raft except Ben was praying as the black, foam-capped rocks raced upstream. We zig-zagged with such swoops that it took our breath and the roaring of the chute-like lanes was deafening. We skimmed down one as if on wings, grazed a glassy-green wall, and rocked out into a swirl that ended in quieter water. Ahead the Sissiboo tamed down as it came to the back woodlots of the settlement. I drew a long breath of relief and I looked at our company. The pilot was crouched down like a whipped cur, his red hair plastered in a straggly tangle by the flying spray. The doctor was still chipper though a trifle pale. His patient had fainted!

WE UNLOADED them at the wharf near the station and a stranger helped us with Biggar. Ben had grown hostile again though he was civil enough with the doctor till the medico offered him one hundred dollars in new bills as payment for our venture with death. I don't think that doctor will ever forget the sudden blaze in Ben's eyes or the way he said: "I thought you were a man of understanding."

The pilot and the doctor got out of the picture so quick that I saw Ben's face twist with a kind of a grin. I knew that there was a different turn to events than on the first day, but I never said a word, waiting for Ben to do the explaining. The next day we were camped again near the Devil's Back Teeth on our tramp back to our patrol. A freakish

breeze made our fire glow and darken alternately like the winking of some evil eye, and our thoughts weren't brightened any by the surroundings. Of a sudden Ben spoke out like a child crying in its sleep:

"All men are alike, thinking of the almighty dollar. What did I want with his dirty money?" His voice was quivering with emotion. "Did you see the way Biggar's eyes rolled when I stood near his rotten skull? Did you know, Kent, that he is the lawyer who married Nellie?"

I was too dumbfounded for speech, too puzzled over Ben's action with such a chance for vengeance in his power. He had practically saved the scoundrel's life. It was a rare thing for Ben Sabath to talk without urging, but the strain he was working under made it impossible for him to keep quiet.

"I knew the wretch when we pulled him from the plane," he went on. "At first I planned to murder him, but when that doctor told me he was dying from an inward growth I changed my mind. Far better keep him alive and suffering. And when the doctor told me what a trial Biggar was to his wife, how she dreaded him, I decided to get him back to her if it lay in my power to do so. He'll be with her tonight and I told him to tell Nellie I had made it possible." Again his mirthless cackle rang out over the swamp. "I was in Biggar's tent last night, Kent. I figured that such a place as this alder swamp, with the river moaning like a lost spirit, was a fit place to tell him all I had to say. It was rich; better than I expected. I actually believe he's more afraid of me than the devil. I told him my only reason for taking him out and then suggested that I might change my mind in the rapids. Bah—such vermin!"

I don't profess much in the religious line but such a motive for risking so many lives must have originated with the chap with split hoofs, and I began to fear for Ben's sanity.

ONE month later we got word that Biggar had died. Ben sent in his resignation the next day and went down on the boat that carried his papers. I tried in all the ways of a white man to get him to say he would leave the widow alone. She has surely paid well for all the harm she did, I argued; let her last years be peaceful. He listened to me, but that jaw of his was as set as a snagging post. He wrote me as he had promised, but never mentioned Nellie, and I feared the worst. All that winter as I ranged above the logging camps I wondered what had happened and, when the spring came, I got leave.

Ben had gone, as he said he would, to Bugler's Bay, and on a sunny morning in May I went to the brick house he had described. It was situated in a lovely garden that looked as if it had been lifted bodily from some old painting. Beyond a well trimmed hedge I saw my man. He was walking arm-in-arm with a lady who leaned towards him with an affection that touched one's heart. Her hair had silvered to just the right tint and her cheeks held that elusive apple-blossom pink that can never be achieved by drug store assistance. The man had followed his programme to the letter, evidently, he had married "some respectable woman," and, by all tokens, had found love as well. But not until I was confronting them did I catch sight of the tiny crowsfeet about her eyes, fine blue ones that matched Ben's own. Those little lines told of troubled days.

They were so engrossed with each other that my appearance startled them; then Ben gave a mighty shout and seized my hands.

"Good old Kent," he boomed joyously. "Meet the wife. I've told her all about our times in the woods and I guess you've heard me mention Nellie."

Nellie! The woman he had sworn to wreak his vengeance on!

Somehow I managed to stammer greetings. And when I got a chance to glance at Ben he was as confused as I. We went to the cosy arbor in the garden for a glass of lemonade and a chat and as we went he contrived to get his grip on my arm. "Kent," he hissed, "think whatever you like but don't you ever hint at my fool talk in the Service." Such was the revenge of Ben Sabath.

The Romance of Winnipeg

Written and Illustrated by
V. W. Horwood

THE Magic of a City's Name! Sardis and Damascus, cities of the East where the caravans with their bales of shining silks and rare spices cross the tawny deserts; Rome, the Eternal City on its seven hills beside Father Tiber, where the Fisherman's Ring seals the destiny of millions; Salem, the ancient Hebrew City of Peace. Ages have woven an alluring spell about them, and in the West of golden grain fields the name of Winnipeg calls. It has no ancient written history. Two hundred years ago saw the first white man, La Verendrye, land where now, overhead, thunders a great transcontinental train. This was the genesis of Winnipeg.

The wan sun westers faint and opal, and the eastern distances glimmer gray. Slowly around the point at the forks an eerie haze comes creeping low and across the swirling waters a quivering skyline shining with the mysterious tints of the dying day. Steeples and domes put on the witchery of a dream, of delicate tints of green and gold. Westward the straight gray buildings, windows are aflame, and the River surges past, rustling, lapping, the River from the South meeting the River from the West on their way to what remains of that ancient Lake Agassiz, Winnipeg.

Vague through the changeless twilight great gulls float enchanted overhead. At this place was built Fort Rouge, a rude log affair which soon disappeared and now except for the school children, the name only as a portion of the city, carries no message of the far-off days when the Frenchman who had fought against Marlborough, first placed his foot on the banks and erected a cross to the "Glory of God" in the name of his most Christian Majesty, The Most High, Most Mighty, Most Redoubtable Monarch, "Vive le Roi!"

The West's history is to a certain extent inarticulate, for out of the silence the voices call hesitatingly. The cities are of yesterday and in the streets roaring with traffic, with modern buildings rearing skyward, the new citizen coming from an ancient civilization dating at least from the Romans cannot grasp the fact that this country is new, that its resources have hardly been tapped. That what he sees is not an end, but a beginning. That Winnipeg, as a name, dates from the seventies. That there are men alive who knew the forks of the Bow and Elbow before the city of Calgary was dreamed of yet—see it now, vigorous, sanitary, beautiful, a story which can be repeated of all our Western cities.

He walks saunteringly on Portage Avenue little thinking that he is walking down what less than sixty years ago was an Indian and fur-trading trail, whose stories are still told in the teepees of the Blackfeet and Crees; a trail that led through Indian villages where brown-faced papooses gazed wonderingly with black beady eyes at the proud Courier, who travelled, mayhap, with the Wampum

The Levee—1876

of Peace, but more often with that of defiance; a trail that touched the shores of lonely lakes, and forded innumerable rivers before ending on the far-off Saskatchewan where now Edmonton stands. At his feet is a pathway full of romance.

THE charm of Winnipeg, like that of some other cities, cannot be explained. Its mystery steals over you, gradually. The wind from Hudson's Bay breathes a spirit of romance, the legends of the Gentlemen Adventurers are carried upon it and looking into the green glint of the North sky the imagination can easily follow these rollicking daring blades who carried laughter and trade into the unknown wastes.

Indescribable and incomprehensible as it is, the Pilgrims gazing over Naples or Paris, or any of the strange golden cities of their dreams, sigh with a longing to look westward on Portage Avenue where the sunsets flare and fade over the plains; to see the glitter of its street lamps north and south from the Canadian Pacific subway on Main Street, the old, old street over which many a sorrow travelled with the early immigrant. A few miles north a simple monument marks where Governor Semple and twenty men were massacred by the North-Westerns. It was not so long ago that where the City Hall stands and the lordly skyscraper beside it, was a creek and Brown's Bridge spanned it. Legend has it that an Indian girl drowned herself there. Who would think it now? Only memories remain. In the square the City Hall rises dimly through the rain and the wet black street is gleaming. The street lamps are burning and down the aisles of mist the lighted store fronts shine on the streaming pavements in gold and vermilion and turquoise and orange and opal. Here have taken place many historical scenes: triumphal arches for returned soldiers—of '85, of the Boer war, and the Great War; and a statue to the '85 men stands nonchalantly leaning on a rifle, looking across the busy street, seemingly listening to the box orators declaring against God, against government, and—with that typifying stone sentinel standing there—



V. W. HORWOOD.

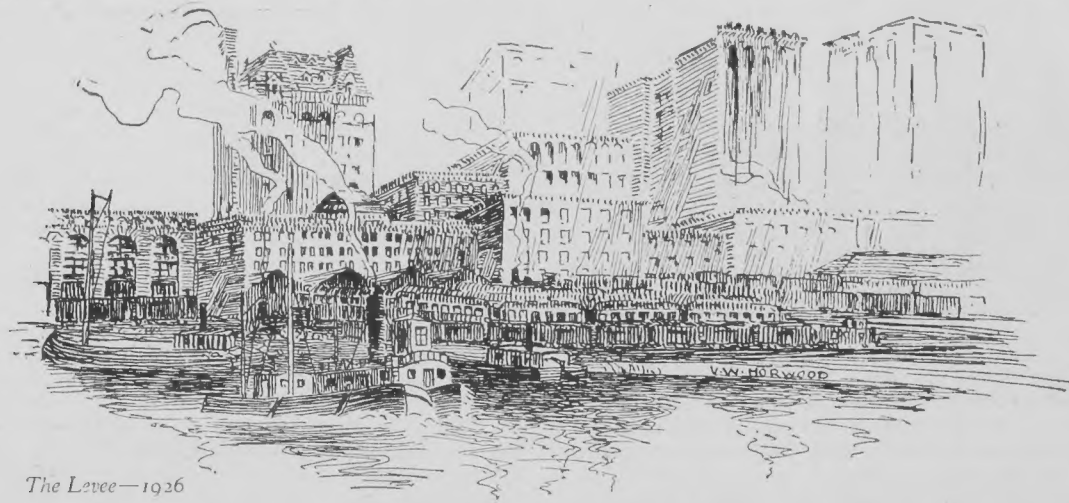
against war. How many strange ideas, how much perverted logic and contradictory argument have fallen upon the unheeding ears of the silent sentinel.

On all sides there are mementoes of the past if one chooses to look for them. Go to the corner of Broadway and Main when the sound of traffic is hushed. A great station is behind you, a great towering hotel in front, and the electric light waves over an old embattled gateway. What is it calls out of the stillness of the night. It seems aeons away, a vibration so high and shrill that it can not be identified as a sound. It becomes a roaring reach of life and death, of vortices that clash, and out of sight of the humming song of the electric lights, it calls back to a starlit scene, a lonely little fort at the forks of the Red. Inside all is confusion for word has been received that Wolseley has entered the river and Louis Riel and his advisers are sitting with blank faces. "Is this the end?"

Every whisper of the wind about the gateway tells some story. Of the trial of Sayer, and the march of the fighting Metis with the Bells of the little Cathedral of St. Boniface clashing, clanging their turbulent message of encouragement as they marched up from Point Douglas, up the trail, past where the C.P.R. station now stands, up the broken trail, winding even as the street winds now, with its crook at William Avenue. The Gate is all that remains of Winnipeg's last fort which was built at the amalgamation of the two great rivals, the Nor'-Westers and the Hudson's Bay Company. It is almost forgotten that Winnipeg is on the site of five forts. George Bryce's paper before the Royal Society in '85 gave a history of these: Fort Rouge, Fort Gibraltar, Fort Douglas, the original Fort Garry, which was closer to the river than the last one. Fort Gibraltar was built by the river near or between the Assiniboine and Fort Douglas. This was destroyed by the Hudson's Bay Company and in retaliation the Nor'-Westers took Fort Douglas. Oh! the wailing and cursing in the voluble Gaelic as the relentless Nor'-Westers set the unfortunate settlers once more adrift to Jack Fish, and the jubilation of the Metis who in song and dance for many years celebrated the victory.

What memories this spot summons up! The Levee at the riverside when the lordly steamboats churned their way from the south with their precious freight for the McDermots, the McMillans, Schultz, and all the merchants of these early days. What a difference in 1876 to 1926—it's dark entrance is full of the muttering of the West's history, when its flaming flag threw its protection as far as Edmonton House, and now the trails which lead to it have become streets; handsome wide paved streets with boulevards and trees, some three hundred miles of them, some of whose names are a ghostly roll-call of the early fathers of the city: Bannatyne, McDermot, McPhilip, Donald,

Continued on page 36



The Levee—1926

Down the Abitibi to Tidewater

By Sanford Cornell

MADAM REYNARD looked out from her hole in the high clay bank of the Moose River. It was a bright day in June, when Nature was decking herself for the bridal, in the Northland.

Down the great river an 18-foot canoe was coming, pushed along by the silent strokes of two Indian guides. In the centre of the canoe sat another man.

But Mother Reynard did not fear them. Some sense of the rules of the game had been conveyed to her, down the hundreds of generations of her kith and kin, since the adventurous Frenchmen built the first trading post on the Moose River, in the days when Charles II. ruled in England; and Louis XIV was king in France. She knew that the little furry balls, inquisitive and saucy, in the hole behind her, were her surety. It was not trapping time. She must teach her cubs to avoid the trap as she had done.

So she watched the canoe and its occupants with contemplative eye, as they paddled past her eyrie home in the cliff bank of the Moose. Dr. T. B. R. Westgate, field secretary of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, who occupied the centre seat in the canoe, gazed up at the beautiful head of the fox, framed in the dark hole, and thought that he had never seen a more beautiful sight—and he had seen many unusual sights—the zebra feeding on sandy plains of Africa; the leopard prowling around his mission home in that dark continent; the caribou in vast herds in the forests of the Yukon.

To go to Moose Fort, the post of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the delta of the Moose River, one may take the wings of the morning—in modern parlance, an airplane—from Moonbeam—no thing of dreams either, but a modern station on the Canadian National Railway—and get there in two hours. Decidedly the most convenient way but not so romantic as the other three routes available.

In the footsteps of romance, you may follow the gentlemen adventurers, and book with the Hudson's Bay Company steamer, which sails regularly once a year, in July, from Montreal. It plows up the coast of Labrador and down into Hudson and James Bays, and drops you on Charlton Island, 80 miles from your destination. There you wait for time, tide and another Hudson's Bay company steamer to get you to Moose Fort.

Two river routes are available: one by Missinabi, and the other by the Abitibi River. Dr. Westgate chose the Abitibi, with its rapids and canyons, amply supplied with thrills and with a panorama of scenery beyond the dreams of a Hollywood producer.

The hop-off was made from Island Falls, Saturday morning, May 29. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway has laid steel 25 miles farther down the river, and has also a survey to tidewater, but trains do not run past Island Falls. Three miles of the rail line is used by the Abitibi Electrical Power Development Company, to run out a donkey engine to its plant at the falls. This plant generates 55,000 horse power, lights the city of Cochrane and supplies light and power to Iroquois Falls, 100 miles distant, where is situated the largest pulp and paper mill on the North American continent.

Speaking of the railway line projected to tidewater at James Bay, Dr. Westgate said that this line might be completed in the not-distant future. He, himself, had seen indications of rich coal deposits, and samples of lignite had been brought in from a locality west of Barebones Island. Operation of the coal deposits would inevitably draw the railway north.

IN THE meantime the rhythmic strokes of the Indian canoemen carried the missionary superintendent on his way, down the Abitibi. The current was strong and the light bark slipped swiftly along. Rounded hills, rich with black and white birch, poplar and cedar, fell away from the shoreline in undulating

some jackfish. They fired from their canoe into the schools of fish. A shore supper, with the fish broiled over the open fire, was a dainty repast, fit for a king.

Trinity Sunday broke in a dismal rain. With characteristic stoicism the guides took stock of the two courses which lay before them. The river was high, and the portage around the Lobsticks, followed in eight miles by four other rapids, the Chute, Clay Falls, Birch and the Oil Cans, held too many hazards. They shouldered the canoe and led up the bank into the woods, where in a short time they reached the first of a chain of six little lakes.

By noon three lakes with their connecting portages were passed. By three o'clock in the afternoon, two more lakes had been crossed. The rain was falling heavily. The portages were difficult. Each had to be crossed three times to transport the cargo as well as the big canoe. So camp was pitched in the woods. Monday the travellers emerged from the dripping woods at a point on the Abitibi below the Oil Can Rapids. Since seeing the river last, it had slid down a decline of 220 feet, over five rapids, and only 400 yards lay clear ahead of the canoe before the waters plunged into the canyon.

Wild disorder lay around the scene. The banks were strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of the wilderness. Giant trees uprooted by the hurricane were cast up on the shore. The carcass of a moose, evidently overcome by the fierceness of the waters, floated downstream. In the Oil Cans, timbers not yet freed from the clutches of the torrent, were driven madly round and round in the maelstrom, presenting an exhibition of fury rarely equalled in Nature. Then again, beyond the short strip of clear water, the powerful stream plunged into the deep canyon, with deafening roar. No human being might with impunity dare those rapids. One man had dared. A weather-beaten cross on the shore marks his grave.

The 400 yards were covered in a few moments and the canoe hauled up again for the difficult portage above the canyon. Plodding afoot on the high bank, the travellers could hear the thunder of the water racing down its 90-foot decline, in a mile and more of scenery of wild grandeur. The ground was strewn thickly with fallen timber, ravages of a hurricane which had passed recently that way. The portage bearers had a most difficult task to carry the heavy loads over the uneven road. Sound of the rushing waters invited calculation as to how many horse-power were there running wild. Dr. Westgate had heard some discussion of harnessing the Abitibi at this point, but with no definite conclusion. Camp was made at the end of the portage.

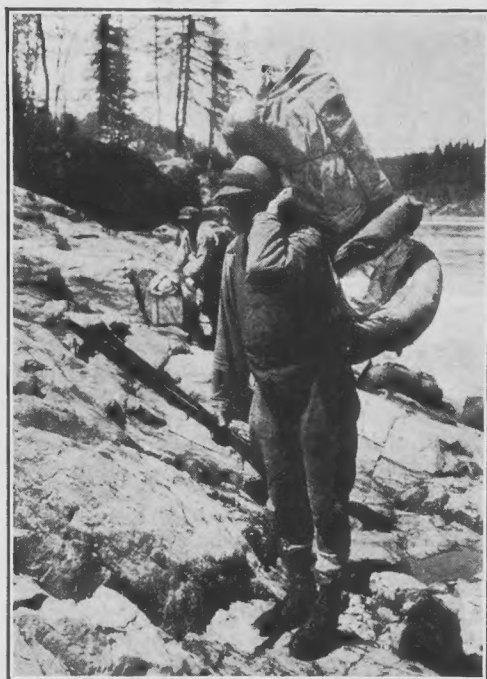
Eleanor Rapids were run the next morning. First the canoe was lashed to the shore until trimmed to a featherweight. Then when everything was ready, she was free and with a leap was in the swirling water. Never was he more thankful for the steady nerve and keen judgment of his Indian guides, Dr. Westgate said. Into the broadening stream they came, between high wooded banks.

New Post, recently built by the Hudson's Bay Company, was sighted at nine o'clock in the morning, after several hours run. The party pulled ashore and made a call on the manager, a young Scotsman, newly come from Aberdeen, rejoicing in the somewhat unusual name of Mr. A. Wildgoose. Hardly two hours had passed when another party of travellers was announced at the post. These proved to be two women, one a government doctor, and their Indian guides, who were coming from Moose Fort, out into civilization, after several years service at the Fort. A heavy rain set in and both parties of travellers accepted Mr. Wildgoose's

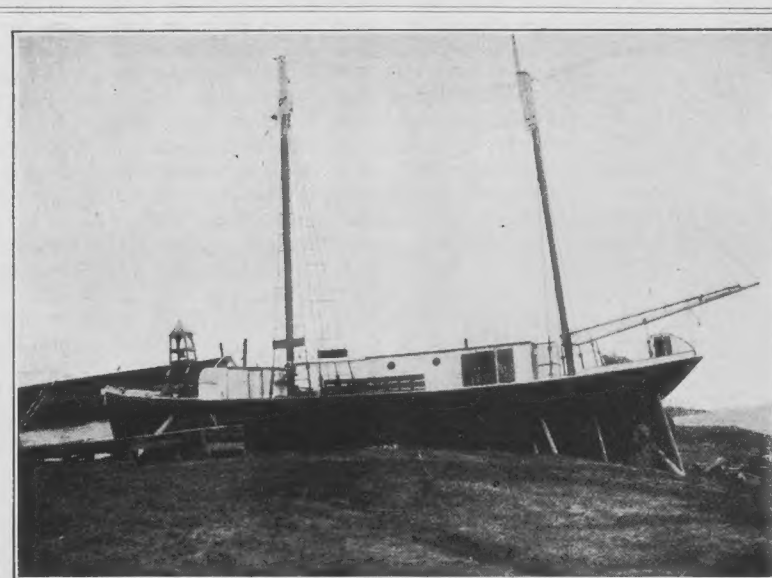
hospitality for the night. During the afternoon an Indian child came to the post begging help for his mother. They were the only Indian family at the Post at the time. The woman was very ill and the doctor worked



A Family Group at Moose Fort



Canoe Man Portaging



Hudson's Bay Co. Boat Dry at Moose Fort

terraces. Suddenly the river took a sharp turn and the boat was on the verge of the Lobstick Rapids. It was evening and the first camp on the trip was made.

Coming down the river the Indians had shot

many hours, but the help had come too late. It was a pitiful sight, that Indian home from which the mother was soon to pass out, leaving the shivering little group of children.

The rain continued the next morning, but Dr. Westgate being anxious to reach his journey's end, decided to start out about ten o'clock in the morning. Three hours paddling against the wind, laden with sleet and snow, brought the party only nine miles. Further progress was impossible. The wind and rain persisted through the night, making camp not the most comfortable place to spend the hours of waiting.

The next, the sixth day out, the Otter, Sextant and Coral rapids were passed, aggregating a descent of 120 feet. Out of the twelve miles from the beginning of the Otter to the point of embarkation below the coral, six miles was made on the portage path. But this was the end of the portaging for the trip. Altogether ten miles had been made on foot.

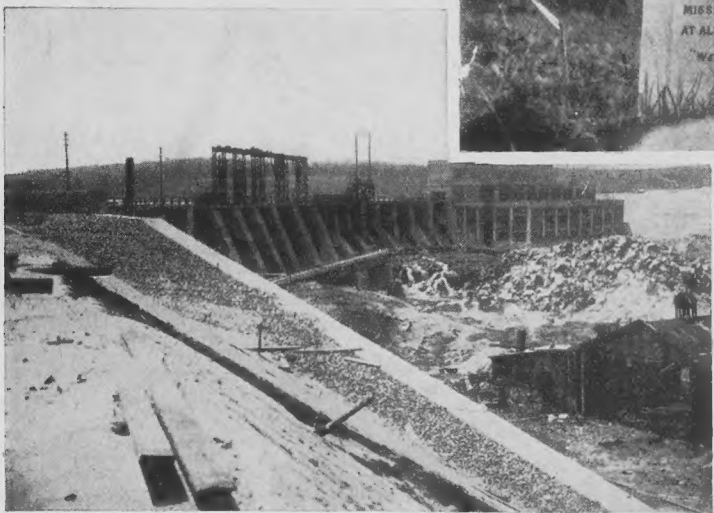
Seventy miles were covered by Dr.

on the west mainland, Revillon Freres, the French fur trading company, has a post, thus continuing the rivalry of 250 years, but in a more friendly manner. On Factory Island, around the Hudson Bay Company's post, is a settlement of about 500 Cree Indians, a church built by the Company in 1864, and an Indian boarding school. On the mainland is another settlement around the French post,

Freres post, in a Hudson's Bay Company boat.

While he was at Moose Fort Dr. Westgate addressed a thriving men's club, which met at the home of the district manager of the Hudson's Bay Company. Twenty white men attended. He was much struck by the desire for education and improved modes of living on the part of the Indians. That little district alone had sent 70 Indian soldiers to the Great War, with Canada's forces. At the time of his visit the little community was on the qui vive about a rumor that the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company was planning a visit to the northerly post. Before he left, Dr. Westgate visited the lonely grave of the great Bishop Horden, who, after 42 years ministry among the Indians around Hudson Bay, lies in the old Indian cemetery, beside his beloved parishioners of the Northland.

The canoe trip out, 147 miles all told, had taken eight days. The return to Island Falls took just half that number of days. The start on the home journey was made at eight



Dam from below Island Falls

Westgate and his party the following day. Smooth sailing at the outset, was followed by three-quarters of an hour in Long Rapids. No movie reel could give as many thrills as that nine miles of leaping water, Dr. Westgate said. He prescribed it for boredom and fed-up-ness. At the Allan Rapids the Abitibi casts its waters into the Moose River, just 23 miles from the sea.

THE scenery grows in majesty as the waters approach the sea. The Moose River broadens out from one and a half at the junction with the Abitibi, to three miles at Moose Fort. At French River the fresh waters meet the salt water of the Arctic tide, that mysterious wave which received the bodies of the brave Henry Hudson and his young son, of the great Sir John Franklin and his equally brave crew. In the stillness of the North the imagination could almost feel the presence of those brave spirits, waiting for the fulfilment of their dreams of empire.

Moose Fort is situated on Factory Island in the estuary of the Moose River. Romance, almost lost in the frosts of the North, is in its history. For possession of strategic points on the Moose River, English and French shed their blood. A French priest, who came overland from Canada, built the first fort on the Moose. Then the English merchant adventurers appeared and built another fort. This, in turn, was captured by the Chevalier de Troys and his Canadians.

That was in 1683 and 1685. Today the Honorable the Governor and Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into the Hudson Bay have their fort on the island in the mouth of the river. Across



Archdeacon Vincent's Grave at Moose Fort



Below the Dam



Bishop Horden's Grave at Moose Fort, 1851

with another mission church. Friendly intercourse is kept up between the two settlements. During his visit, Dr. Westgate made a visit to the Revillon

o'clock in the morning of June tenth, and Island Falls was reached at nine o'clock in the evening of June 14. Upstream paddling was more than compensated for by light cargo, making only one trip across portages necessary. Weather conditions also were better.

Back in Winnipeg again, after the trip to Moose Fort, Dr. Westgate told of the wealth of forest and mine, still untapped in the Northland. Iron deposits have been found on Belcher Islands. Coal undoubtedly was there. In addition to these riches, living conditions are not as difficult as at times described. At the Moose Fort Mission, as an example, there had been a fine garden the year before, as, in fact, there is every year. Oats and hay were grown for the stock at the mission.

A horse had been sent out by boat, around by Montreal and Hudson Bay.

Unbounded wealth was in the waters of the rivers flowing into James and Hudson Bays, which were teeming with fish. One of the fish shot by the Indian guides, with their Lee-Enfield rifle, had been a sturgeon, six feet long.

All this wealth and the few, hardy natives were waiting for the tide of civilization to come. No people in the world were more appreciative of service on their behalf. Not an Indian home in all that country but had a picture of Bishop Horden as one of its most prized possessions.

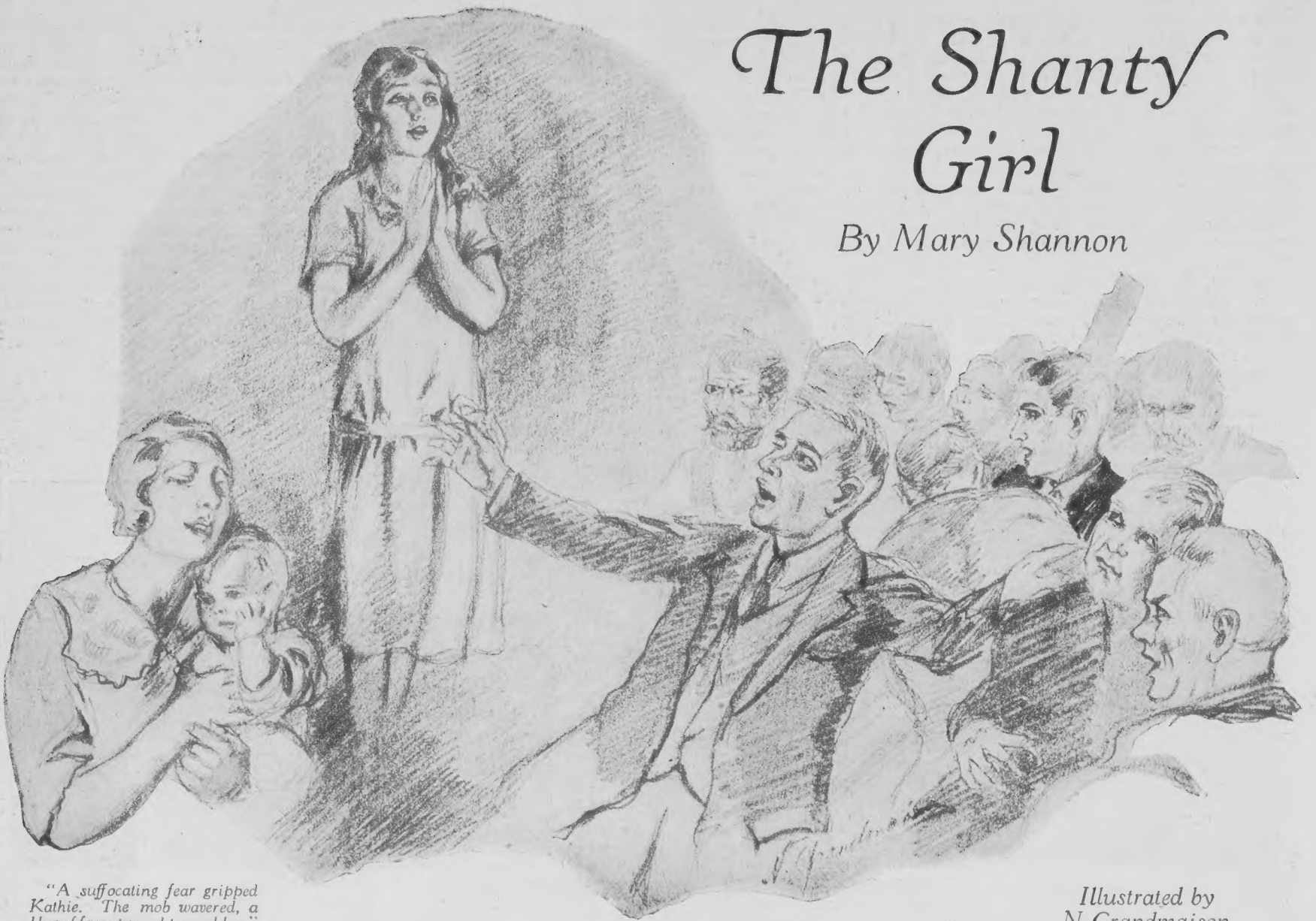
And the march of progress was coming surely on. The screech of the railway engine almost could be heard at tide-water. Madame Reynard soon would be forced to slip away, further north, and leave dominion to man and his works.



Dr. Westgate and his guides en route

The Shanty Girl

By Mary Shannon



"A suffocating fear gripped Kathie. The mob wavered, a blur of faces turned toward her."

Illustrated by
N. Grandmaison

WITH a rustle of hymnals and nervous preparatory throat sounds the congregation rose for the first hymn. From one of the back seats Kathie McGhee watched the group of young people behind the organ. The choir! All her life her longings had been toward that corner of Brampton church. Today her spirits soared with the swell and ring of the organ. She had ceased to care that she did not belong.

*"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid."*

Kathie sang with the exulting assurance of victory. High above the drag and drone of the congregation, untouched by the pretensions of the choir, she seemed to be singing alone with the deep melody of organ notes. Small children turned round eyes upon her, the minister's austere glance singled her out, an old man turned his head to listen. Kathie softened. It was good to sing, to give pleasure to others. The lines of the hymn unfolded with new beauty, new power:

"My safety cometh from the Lord . . ."

Only Mrs. Hazzard's cold eyes, roving the room with the privilege of choir leader, seemed utterly unconscious of Kathie's presence. The young girl felt a stab of pity for the thin grey woman, the pity of youth for middle age. Mrs. Hazzard's face seemed too old for the clothes she affected, and her voice, the one cultivated voice in Brampton, took the high notes with an obvious effort. But Kathie's pity submerged in a flood of triumph, an elation that had trailed her from the mirror in her small room. Blue voile and rose ribbons and a broad white hat had been like the touch of a magic brush to her vivid young beauty—wings of dark hair, blue of black-lashed eyes, the pearly tints of her skin.

With a relieved rustle the congregation sat down. Silence hung above the rows of seats. A moment of waiting and the minister announced his text:

"Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."

Kathie stiffened. She felt, rather than saw, the dart of side glances. She brushed the feeling aside and listened to the even tones that scarcely stirred the musty heaviness of the church. The congregation, sated with Sunday dinner, settled dutifully

for the sermon. It was the hottest hour of the summer afternoon. A stout lady in a side pew began to nod; a child went to sleep leaning against its mother.

The minister's voice took on a ring of anxiety. His thin hands beat the pulpit as though he would force upon his listless flock the message he had prepared. Again and again Kathie brought her wandering attention back to the sermon. The girls in the back row of the choir were whispering and looking at her. She stared back at them unperturbed. Her new dress, perhaps. She lifted a fold of rose ribbon and drew its silken shimmer between her fingers.

Something crashed into the stillness. With a startled leap of her senses she was staring with stricken eyes at the minister. Yes, he had heard it, too—the crack of a rifle shot from the green timber. There was another and another, tearing the Sunday stillness, echoing, reverberating with long-drawn vibratory peals. A wave of shame enveloped her hotly. She felt the stab of side glances. Oh, they knew, they all knew that it was her father, ungodly Dan McGhee, who hunted on Sundays in the wide stretch of timber between Brampton and Timber Line. She dropped her eyes, her fingers crushing the rose ribbon.

The exhortations had ceased. It was as though an electric shock had roused the listless congregation. The moment of silence became a torture of uncertainty. She waited, her senses shrinking as from a blow.

NEVER, never so long as she lived would she cease to feel the scourge of the minutes that followed. The minister's indignation exploded in bitter denunciation of those who desecrate the Sabbath day by unholy practice, who turn from the worship of God to worldly pleasures. The law must be enforced if conscience had ceased to prick. Kathie sat with lowered eyes. She knew that while they all sat with eyes glued to the minister's face their thoughts were darting toward her like licking flames of fire.

The choir—Mrs. Hazzard . . . They would be glad they had never invited her to join. Hadn't they always said she was only a Shanty Girl, one of the ungodly McGhees; that she belonged with the crowd back at Timber Line? Timber Line, that

rough lumber camp that she so hated, where her father revelled on Saturday nights, and her mother loved to visit and neighbor! If only she had stayed away today!

Enfolded in the armor of bitter hardness she sat rigidly upright during the remainder of the sermon, bowed her head automatically during the familiar prayer. "Be with those detained from worshipping with us today by circumstances over which they have no control . . ." And now, Lord, what wait we for . . . Kathie clenched her hands. What, indeed? What was there to wait for, now, in the future, ever! But the prayer was over, and with a brisk rustle of preparation the worshippers rose for the closing hymn. Kathie did not open a book. The song had gone out of her throat. She felt that the notes must shriek stridently her hatred, her defiance! "Lead, Kindly Light!" Oh, it was all a mockery! There was no kindness in the world!

At last the final word "Amen," then the hush of the benediction. Sighs of relief, rustling of Sunday silks, subdued greetings, and the congregation moved toward the door. With no glance to right or left Kathie passed from the church into the hot, dusty street. All the familiar landmarks of Brampton—Main Street with its zig-zag line of business buildings dwindling into scattered dwelling houses—seemed to leer at her. She knew that from now on this grudging point of human contact would be closed to her. The searing humiliation was like a whip driving her on, on, down the drab street. Vehicles passed her, cars whizzed by with a flare of talk and laughter. Just to get away from them all, out of the village to where the road lay between quiet fields.

But when the last straggling house lay behind her the very stillness brought her misery closer. She could see her home: a huddle of log buildings at the edge of the timber. A shanty girl! She writhed at the memory of her childish pride because she could sing all the shanty songs. What wonder the name stuck?

"Kathie!"

She whirled, hands involuntarily thrust before her. A young man, slim and straight in brown tweeds and boyish cap, was hurrying after her. Leith Hazzard! The friendliness of the brown eyes beneath his reddish hair was like a blow to her bruised and quivering pride. She shrank from the

proffered hand, made a little desperate movement of flight.

"Well, say, what've I done?" demanded the young man. "After chasing you all the way from church..."

"I—you were in church, Leith. You heard..." Her lips quivered.

"What the preacher said? Say, thought I'd explode the way those rifle shots woke 'em all up. If you'd seen Dad jump!" and Leith laughed heartily.

And suddenly Kathie laughed, too, laughed her defiance into the curious faces of a passing car. They would never know how she cared!

"Brampton's a funny place—after you've been away from it a whole year," began Leith.

"But he was right; the minister was right!" retorted Kathie bitterly. "Every word he said was true! Oh, Leith, there's no use in your pretending... if it had been your father..."

"My father? Wish he had pep enough..."

"Leith, that isn't what I mean!" interrupted Kathie sharply. "You know—you know what everybody says about us. Oh, I just know what they're all saying now!"

"Well, what do you care?" demanded Leith, but at the light in his eyes her pride flared up anew.

"Care! That's all very well for you to say, Leith Hazzard. You've got everything—everything that I—I haven't. You don't understand! You don't understand and you never will!" she cried desperately.

"Well, I don't understand—your feeling that way. You've got what the rest of us haven't got. A girl as pretty as you—and with that voice..."

"Voice! What good's a voice to me here—in this horrible mean little place! Sometimes—sometimes..."

The sobs that had clustered in her aching throat choked her, welled into her eyes in hot tears. Her head went down on a mossy tree in bitter weeping.

"Why, Kathie, don't you..."

Leith's voice, broken, awkward, seemed to have followed her. At the touch of his shy hand on her arm she lifted her head fiercely:

"Please, Leith, go 'way—go way and leave me alone!"

"I can't go 'way and leave you like this," he returned gently.

"You're making things out worse than they are. It's nothing..."

Kathie dashed the tears away and holding her wet handkerchief against her trembling lips she argued wildly:

"Nothing! Nothing to be held up... Ask your mother," she finished vehemently.

"My step-mother, you mean," Leith's voice hurried into the silence. "But I know what you want to say. You think that because my father keeps a grocery store in Brampton and sent me away to college that I can't understand—appreciate..."

"I'm glad you can't," broke in Kathie tensely. "I wouldn't want you to suffer..."

She was angry with herself a moment later, angry at the light that leaped into his eyes, at the impetuous movement he made toward her.

"I'd give anything in the world if I could bear it—instead of you," he breathed in a quick, shaken voice.

"I don't want—need you—anyone to bear anything for me! retorted Kathie with the fierce resentment of the proud who are pitied.

She pressed her lips tightly against the sobs that were beating in her throat. Leith stared off at the line of timber against the evening sky.

"I—I just wanted to tell you about my plans," he ventured humbly. "I'm through college, you know. Old Sam McGeer at Timber Line's enlarging his mill. It'll be the biggest in the country. He's some relation of my mother's, and he's offered me a job there."

"You're going to Timber Line—to live?" repeated Kathie, incredulously.

"Sure. Glad of a good job. That is—if you think it's—all right," he stammered.

"Oh, it doesn't matter—what I think," was the dreary reply.

"It does to me—you know it does..." began Leith earnestly, then stopped at the sight of an approaching car.

It was Hazzard's. The icy glance of recognition was for Leith only. Kathie turned abruptly toward her home. But the young man was beside her, pleading:

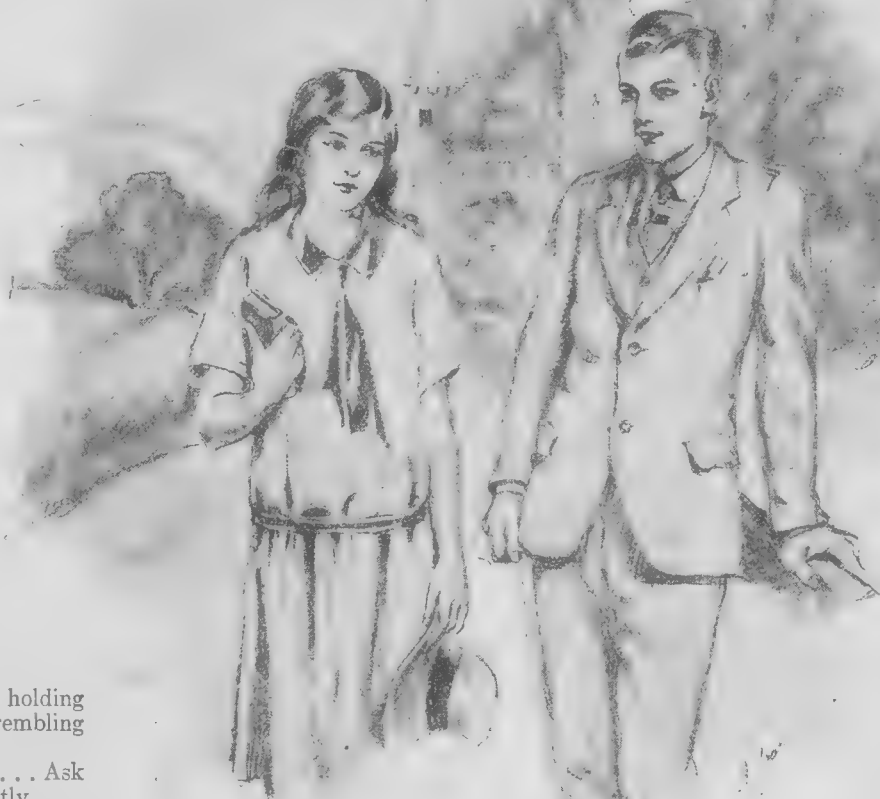
"Don't mind her. She's just—jealous of you!" "Jealous—of me!"

"Yes. You've got everything she wanted. You've got everything—but a chance! Her—she had everything but a voice—and looks," he added.

"Please don't come any farther, Leith," begged Kathie tremblingly.

"All right. But—you'll let me see you sometime soon? It's almost a year since—last time. And I didn't write when you told me not to..."

Kathie could not trust her voice to reply. She shook her head and went with quick nervous steps toward the timbered hill. She had hurt Leith but she couldn't help it. If only he hadn't been in church today! She stopped at the sagging gate and surveyed her home with bitter eyes. How she hated the brown log house and the rickety buildings in the half-cleared yard. Uncut grass vied with fern on the space which other people used as lawns. The walk that should have lain in gravelled neatness was only a weedy footpath.



"Well, say, what've I done?" demanded the young man.

On the warped porch her mother rocked in stout placidity, her brown calico falling carelessly open at the throat. Kathie jerked open the gate. All the stinging humiliation of the last hour drove her up the path.

"Mother!" she burst forth, "can't we—why don't you try to keep Father... It's terrible the way he does on Sundays. In church we heard him shooting up here! The minister was so—he talked—he preached about it!"

"You mean to say he had the nerve to mention your father's name in church?" demanded her mother, flushing angrily.

"No, of course not! But everybody knew! They all know the way Father... It was awful—to sit there..."

"Well, I wouldn't ha'sat there a minute! If you can't stand up for your own folks, Kathie McGhee..." Her mother's stout form twisted in fury.

"But he—the minister was right. Every word he said was true," declared Kathie passionately. "And everybody sat there and listened. Oh, I just know what they're all saying now!"

"Aw, what d'you care what they say? A little huntin' ain't goin' to hurt nobody. There's lots worse than your father," returned Mrs. McGhee emphatically.

"Oh, Mother, if you'd only..." but Kathie stopped with a futile gesture.

"Yes, blame me, of course. If Dan McGhee wants to hunt on Sundays all of Brampton couldn't stop him. How many times he's told you to keep

away from that stuck-up bunch? My goodness, when he hears..."

Kathie turned and went heavily into the house. She climbed the stairs to the attic room and stood before the small mirror glittering against the white-washed wall. Yes, she was pretty, pretty as the picture she had pasted above her bed. No, she was prettier! How had she grown to this perfection, she who had seethed in misery and unhappiness? A shanty girl! Dan McGhee's daughter!

Even as a little girl at school she had been pushed out of games with the bald statement that they had been forbidden to play with her, a wicked man's child. She had fought them with her fists, with biting retorts and cutting personalities. Now it was different. Grown people—women—didn't fight with their fists, nor with words either—if they were well bred. But there were the thousand little devices of cruelty—the slight, the snub, the added friendliness to another. She knew, she knew! Mrs. Hazzard! She would hate her more than ever after today!

Her chin went up. She was done with them forever! Never again would she enter the church or go anywhere in Brampton. The world was big. She would go away among strangers, make a name for herself, meet people. Her voice! She would learn to sing, and then...

A LOUD, steady knocking penetrated the storm of rebellion. Her mother must have gone to the garden. She went slowly down the stairs. A woman stood at the door smiling from the shadow of a soft white hat. She was all in white, slim and—perfect, Kathie decided in a single glance.

"Miss McGhee?" Her voice was enchantingly friendly. "I'm Mrs. Walters. A friend of mine heard you sing in church today, and he said... Well, I'd like to hear you sing."

The coldness and heaviness lifted magically. To Kathie the world had suddenly become a lovely place. Her eagerness seemed to suffocate her.

"I—why, you mean—you want me to sing?" she stammered.

"Yes. May I come in out of this intolerable heat?" smiled Mrs. Walters.

The meagre furniture of the small front room tilted and swayed about Kathie as she showed the visitor in. For once she was unmindful of the cheap lace curtains and red-globed lamp, of the broken squeak of the rocker into which Mrs. Walters sank.

"It's like this, Miss McGhee," that lady began at once, "We're anxious to start Community Singing, all through the rural districts. Have a centre at the Conservatory of Music in Larkin, you know. Then—you heard about the shanty people who were burned out above here yesterday? We've decided to get up a charity affair for them—the different churches... We've got to get it up in a hurry—perhaps hold it at the conservatory, a sort of bazaar with teas and singing. Or perhaps a number of entertainments in the various smaller places. I don't know... At any rate our friend says your voice would be an acquisition."

She paused, smiling kindly. "But I—I've never been taught," protested Kathie, bewildered.

"Well, let's hear you," and Mrs. Walters seated herself at the old organ and turned the leaves of a battered song folio.

"Know this?" she asked, as her fingers strayed into the prelude of an Irish folk-song.

Kathie caught her breath. The very harmony of chords sent a quiver of frightened joy through her. She began tremulously, timidly, but the dexterous grace of the slim hands inspired her. At the end of the first verse Mrs. Walters nodded:

"Beautiful! But—sing it like this." Her voice, delicately rounded, trilled the lines.

"Oh, if I could ever sing like that!" breathed Kathie.

"Child! I have method, you have voice! Now!"

There was contagion in that gracious confidence. Kathie sang again. The graceful head nodded, turned shining eyes upon the young girl:

"A glorious voice. Needs cultivation though. I was wondering... Do you sing shanty songs?"

Kathie's surge of gladness shrivelled into sickening dread. Shanty songs!

Continued on page 22

Far Away Iceland

Hints for Canadians Travelling Abroad

By
William
Thompson.
F.R.G.S

not a very appropriate name, as the climate is softened by the Gulf Stream which flows up to the south coast and northwards along the west coast. Flowers grow in abundance in the southern part during June, July and August. The northern shores, sometimes visited by Arctic ice floes, are less fertile but boast of scenic charms surpassing the south. In many respects Iceland resembles New Zealand. The climate is bracing; the mountain views imposing and varied, with chasms and ravines; lakes and rivers stocked with many varieties of fish; waterfalls are numerous, and boiling springs cover a greater territory than in any other country. In past ages Iceland was the scene of great volcanic activity. Hekla, the highest volcano, is not now active, as is generally supposed. It is a strange fact that many thousands of tons of ice are exported to Iceland from England, for the preservation of fish.

The island waters are teeming with codfish and fishing is their principal industry. \$20,000,000 worth of this fish, dried and salted, was exported last year, shiploads being sent to Spain, Portugal and France. "The Fishermen of Iceland," a story by the French writer, Pierre Loti, depicts the life of the hardy fishermen who go from France each year to fish the waters of these islands. Everywhere along the coast we see stacks of codfish drying under canvas covers to protect them from the frequent rains.

IF WE wish to go into the interior we must employ the small, rust-colored and white ponies,



WE ARE sailing today on an imaginary voyage to Iceland, the far-away island of the North Atlantic, which is only 250 miles east of Greenland. Iceland is about 105,000 square kilometres in area, a square kilometre being five-eighths of a square mile. Its extreme length east to west is 479 kilometres and from north to south 316 kilometres, and its entire coast line measures 6,000 kilometres.

We are to voyage on one of the great liners to Southampton, then by the beautiful steamer "Jupiter" of the Bergen Steamship Company for a voyage to Bergen, Norway, at which port we begin our last lap to Iceland, calling at the Faroe Islands. This group of islands is half way between Bergen and Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland.

The name Iceland in the Icelandic language is spelled Island, and so named by Ingolfur Arnarson, the first Norse settler in the country. He built his farmhouse in 877 after having roamed along the coast for three years in search of a suitable location. The capital, Reykjavik, now a city of 20,000, covers the site of Arnarson's farm. Reykjavik is situated on the south coast of Faxa Bay, and is the seat of the University of Iceland and the very interesting Icelandic Museum. The houses, one and two-story buildings, are built of wood which is imported from Norway, and Sweden, there being no trees in Iceland.

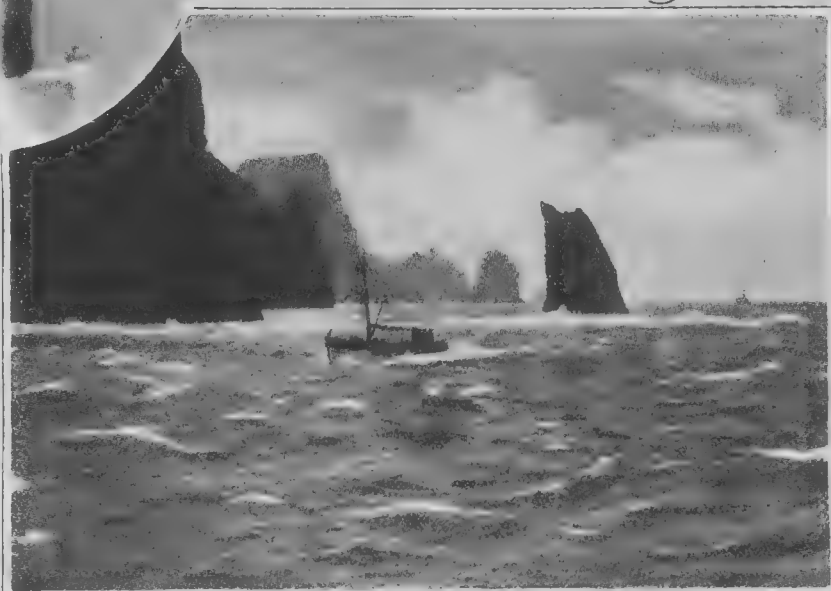
Although 13,000 square kilometres are glaciers or plateaux covered with perpetual ice, Iceland is

1. Great Glacier, North Iceland.

2. Iceland lady's head-dress worn today is the same as has been in vogue for centuries.

3. Fishing boat entering the island harbor of Vestmannaeyjar, Iceland.

4. Mountain and Glacier, Iceland.



as there are no railways. These ponies have an even gait which does not tire the rider, and they are very sure-footed. Trees cannot be grown in Iceland, and no crops, but sheep-raising is an important industry. The wild animals native to the island are the reindeer and the fox, and there are about 100 varieties of birds.

The Icelanders came originally from Scandinavia, the Shetland and Faroe Islands, Ireland and Scotland. Their language, called Icelandic, has been spoken and written for the past thousand years with but little change. It was the common language of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and also parts of the British Isles, and was called "Norraena"; however, Iceland is the only country today where its purity has been preserved.

In the Faroe Islands the men wear the national costume, but here in Iceland the fashion for the men is the same as in Europe and it is the women whom we see wear the national dress, called "upphultur," which is worn on fete days and on Sundays. The week-day dress worn with a tasseled cap is called "peysufot."

The Tourist Association of Iceland arrange eight to twelve-day camping tours. The journey is made by ponies to the picturesque and primeval haunts of Northern Iceland. Side trips are made to the great glaciers and geysers, and opportunity is given the tourist for fishing of the salmon which are very plentiful. Tents and complete camping equipment are provided. The best months for the tours are July and August. In proportion to the population there is more English spoken than in any country of Europe.

The Princess and the Clowns



He was applauded out of politeness, for his talent appeared quite mediocre to all present.

PART III.

THERE was a long, a very long silence. Pierre Ducastel (we shall continue to call him this for convenience in this story)—Pierre Ducastel, I say, had placed the leather case on the table and had opened it. Now he was turning over the drawings of Schibanow, making from time to time low exclamations: "How beautiful that is! What intense life! All the true Russian soul is found in these drawings!"

The King, with his head in his hands, thought of nothing but this Princess Olga. Tears came to his eyes, under which reappeared the violet shade of former times.

Suddenly he rose, took a few steps across the room, and placed his burning brow against one of the window panes. Then, at last, he advanced courageously toward his unexpected visitor.

"I am at your disposal, Your Highness. I beg you to let me know what you wish of me."

Ducastel turned around:

"What I wish of Your Majesty? But nothing, absolutely nothing—or, at least, a very small thing: the simple satisfaction of a curiosity, of which you will, without difficulty, understand the legitimacy. But it is only courteous that I first satisfy that of Your Majesty."

"I beg of Your Highness not to make fun of me."

"I am not making fun of you! And first of all, Sire, I implore of you not to call me 'Your Highness.' I am, and only desire to be, Pierre Ducastel; there is here only one 'Highness' or, rather, one 'Majesty,' which is yourself. It is the function which gives the title. Besides, in this very inti-

By Jean-José Frappa

Translated from the French by Marie Louise Swinburne

Illustrations by William Berger

mate conversation, I think it will be more convenient for both of us to neglect state formulas, if Your Majesty sees no objection."

The King fixed his eyes on the speaker, and noticed that there was not the slightest ironical smile at the corner of his lips.

Ducastel carelessly helped himself to a cigarette from the royal bowl, lit it, slipped into an arm-chair, and continued as follows:

"In the first place, my dear fellow, reassure yourself. I am certainly not coming to claim my place from you. Great Heavens, no! And if, as your first words seemed to imply, you should manifest the intention of giving it back to me, I should dash to the station and escape by the first train. On that I give you my word of honor."

"I am a great deal too happy in my present condition, and I really have had so much trouble in finding true happiness to consider for a moment the thought of losing what I have had such difficulty in gaining."

"You doubtless know, for you must have informed yourself most carefully, that I never had much taste or much inclination for the position of a prince. I am both artist and bourgeois, which combination is found more often than you think."

"Besides this, I fell in love long before the war with an exquisite Frenchwoman, by whom I have

the honor of being loved. The rank in which chance had unfortunately placed me through birth barred my marrying her officially, and we had formed the plan of a morganatic marriage, when one day, the Czar, my sovereign, expressed a desire, a desire which was an order, to see

me give my name and my title to the daughter of his old friend the Grand Duke Alexander; that charming Princess Olga whom I had the pleasure of seeing again yesterday as she was leaving the Palace in an automobile.

"Certainly, the fiancée that was proposed to me had all the attributes of mind and heart, all the bodily charms that I could wish for, and I could have perhaps loved her if my heart had not already been won by another. But anyway my heart was won, and the wish expressed by that poor Nicholas II. (may God rest his soul) was the downfall of all my happiness."

"I am a man without force of character or will; on the other hand, brought up with intransigent monarchical ideas and forced from my infancy to adhere to the discipline of a father without tenderness, I never conceived the idea of resisting the Emperor and still less of deserting the post that had been assigned me as did certain grand dukes of the house of Austria who were wise as proved by the events of today."

"I therefore went docilely to St. Petersburg, while my companion, not wishing to be the means of casting me into disfavor, returned with a broken heart to her own country, where she soon had an alarming attack of nervous prostration."

"Then the war broke out, and three years later

the Revolution. The latter offered too favorable a chance for me not to profit by it. The ancient throne of the Romanoffs was tottering, other kings were already shaking on theirs; a shadow-curtain suddenly separated my country from the entire world, and the whole of the social order was changed.

"The executions, massacres, and assassinations, of which the number was daily increasing; the mysterious disappearances, the desperate flight of all the great personages, finally made possible the realization of my dream. For my opinions had changed after facing so many frightful spectacles of human folly, and I firmly resolved to attain my own happiness.

"I therefore fled with my minister Dobrowski, spreading personally the report of my death, which happened to coincide with the strangling of some officers in my house, a strangling which, as I read in the newspapers, you had also been able to make use of.

"I was free. During this trip I bought from a Bolshevik some papers belonging to a poor French business man they had just shot, and I managed without much difficulty to reach Sweden, then England, then France, where I found again the one to whom my heart had not been able to forget.

"Since I was henceforth but Pierre Ducastel nothing prevented our marriage. It took place immediately. With the money that I had given to my wife at the time of our separation and that which I had been able to send her at the first rumor of the Revolution and that which I had been able to carry away with me on my departure, we bought a small house on the Cote d'Azur, between Marseilles and Toulon. It is there that we have been living for the past four years alone with our immense happiness.

"I still play; I even gave a concert at Nice six months ago which was quite successful. Two beautiful children have been born to us, two daughters registered under the name of Ducastel and who will never know that they have princely blood in their veins.

"You see then that you have nothing to fear from me. Three people only are in the secret today: you, my wife, and I. You will not divulge it. Besides if you did so, no one would believe you. As for myself, to prove to you that I shall never change my mind and to withdraw myself from any possibility of altering my decision I shall hand over to you presently, when you have loyally answered the question I am going to put to you, the two or three proofs that I still possess of my true identity.

"As for the rest, my dear fellow, you are a much better chief than I for this country. Since my arrival in Georgia I hear your praises sung by everyone. Each one boasts of your intelligence, your ardor in work, your simplicity, your goodness, and if I have felt remorse for my pseudo-desertion it is today completely effaced."

Pierre Ducastel placed his extinct cigarette in the ashtray and looked for a few seconds at the King, who, with his far-away eyes, seemed not to have listened to him.

He continued, raising his voice slightly so as to draw his companion from the reverie into which he was plunged:

"I have told you my story; it is now your turn to tell me yours. It is in order to hear it that I have undertaken this long trip. In truth, when I saw in the newspapers that I was not dead, I was at first horribly afraid, as I had imagined I had been discovered by someone, but I was quickly reassured by the announcement of my arrival in Paris, by the accounts of the entertainments given in my honor, and by reading of the interviews I had granted the newspaper men. All my apprehensions definitely disappeared when I learned that I had once more ascended the throne of Georgia.



From that moment I felt nothing but a keen desire to know the man who had just substituted himself for me with so much audacity and intelligence.

"Yes, it is curious," he added, as he scrutinized the King, who was turning toward him, "we look pretty much alike; you have reproduced very successfully what my head looked like formerly, while on my side I was doing my best to compose another, a task in which nature has been good enough to help me."

He smilingly showed his bald spot.

"You look a great deal like what those who knew me formerly might have pictured. An intimate friend would not have been fooled perhaps, but all my friends are dead. You are lucky.

"Therefore here I am facing myself. It is a curious sensation to see oneself thus. Only in your person I have become thin, and in mine I have put on weight. But what odds, that's good luck. Still I laugh when I think that if I had presented myself in society without proofs of my identity people would undoubtedly have treated me as an impostor. Let us enjoy together, if you are willing, the irony of the situation."

He burst into a joyous, childlike, slightly ordinary laugh which made Michel I. frown imperceptibly.

"Come, I have chatted enough; I am a terrible talker. Now I pass the conversation on to you, Tell me, I beg of you, my dear fellow, who you are, or rather who I am."

AS HE finished these words a blast of trumpets burst forth in front of the Palace, and a formidable cry of "Long live the King!" shook the window panes of the study.

The officer in charge entered almost immediately and said:

"Sire, it is the athletic societies of the town that wish to salute Your Majesty. It would be advisable to grant them this pleasure."

The sovereign rose nervously.

"I have not the time! Beg of them to go away."

Preceding Events of the Story

Princess Olga, second cousin of the Czar Nicholas II., whose fiancé, Grand Duke Michel III., of Georgia, is believed dead, finds in Paris after the War two music-hall performers named Michalis and Partner. To her amazement she thinks she recognizes in Michalis her long-lost fiancé and seeks an interview with him. What he says confirms her belief and the Princess prevails upon him to return to Georgia and assume his position as King. He does so and very soon becomes involved in a struggle with the Communists who are seeking to make a republic of his kingdom. At this juncture a stranger arrives who is announced to be a French musician named Ducastel. Michel discovers to his surprise that this foreigner knows a great deal more about the Palace and its contents than himself, and after being shown a secret cabinet of whose existence he had no knowledge, Michel, pale with excitement, turns to him and says: "Who are you?" and the Frenchman tells him that he is the real Duke Michel and, therefore, King of Georgia.

"Oh, Sire," cried Ducastel, "do not refuse these good people the happiness of contemplating for a moment the man they consider, with just cause, the father of the people, the organizer and the guardian of social order. I should never forgive myself if I were the involuntary cause of their disappointment."

He had opened the window, and from the terrace was already making a sign to the crowd that the King was coming. His face expressed a sincere emotion, and Michel, advancing on to the balcony, heard him murmur: "It is truly a very fine thing to be a leader."

WHEN the ceremony was ended, when the sound of the trumpets faded in the distance, the King came back to the Grand Duke.

"I am not, sir, as you would have every right to imagine, an arrant adventurer, and I shall tell you presently how I was led, almost in spite of myself, to act this dangerous part in which you see me at present. My parents were honorable commercial people, who gave me a perfect education. Having shown a marked musical vocation from my earliest childhood, I was admitted into the Conservatory at Moscow, out of which I brought a first-violin prize two years later. Engaged in the orchestra of

the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, I remained there five years, first as a substitute, then as second and finally as first violinist.

"A cruel sickness then came to spoil my career. A strange nervous depression, complicated by a cerebral anemia, and complete debility, accompanied by a considerable dimness of sight, kept me in my room for fourteen months. The meagre pittance inherited from my parents enabled me to live and take care of myself during that time, but when I recovered from this attack I found myself without money and without a position. I replaced several orchestra men in different theatres, I even played in restaurants, but I did not succeed in finding a permanent position.

I was beginning to despair, when one day I heard through a publisher that the Grand Duke Michel of Georgia was looking for a man capable of making some musical scores, and enough of a musician to transpose certain compositions, if necessary. I offered myself and was accepted. It was then that I came, for the first time, to Tchar-kowla."

"I have it," cried Ducastel; "it seemed to me that those eyes were not unfamiliar."

"Oh, I had the opportunity of speaking to Your Highness only once, when you asked me to transcribe a melody that you had just composed. The rest of the time I was in sole communication with the Lord Chamberlain."

"Yes, poor Korostine, who was killed during the war. All the same, your appearance made an impression on me. Now I recognize that wan-looking man who kept himself aloof and seemed to be burning up with fever."

The King continued:

"A few months later the war started. I left in a regiment of the infantry, but my health did not permit me to withstand very long the strenuous existence at the front. At the end of a year and a half, after having dragged from hospital to hospital, my health was restored. I then knew frightful misery until the day when the idea came to me of getting up an act as a musical clown. I managed in this way to make a livelihood with difficulty.

At the time of the Revolution I was in Norway.

"In the circus where I was acting there was another Russian clown like myself, with whom I became very friendly. We combined forces and arranged between us a series of scenes which were immediately a great success. After the Armistice we obtained an engagement in London, then in Brussels, and finally in Paris. There is all my story. You see, Monsieur, that it is very commonplace."

"It is most interesting! So I am replaced on the throne of Georgia by a musical clown. The paradox does not displease me; quite on the contrary, it pleases me enormously. You are a straightforward man, having suffered in life, having known misery, and having retained from all these vicissitudes with which you have been overpowered nothing but the greatest pity for poor humanity. It is perfect. I could wish for nothing better. But all that you have told me does not explain how you jumped from the track to the throne."

"It is not, I give you my word of honor, either interest or ambition, nor is it even a taste for adventure that led me to this substitution. Love alone is the cause of the extraordinary epic that I have just lived, I repeat it to you almost in spite of myself."

"Love? This becomes passionate."

"When I was in the orchestra of the Opera at Saint Petersburg I saw entering the imperial box one evening an adorably beautiful young girl. I know there are people who deny what is commonly called love at first sight, and I myself often wondered, previous to that day, how one could possibly love suddenly and for life a woman of whom, a moment before, one

knew not the existence. The invention of a novelist, I used to say.

"However, hardly had I cast my eyes on the one who had just appeared, and who, with a bright face, radiant with pleasure, smiled at the friends that she recognized in the hall, than I felt myself overwhelmed. A mist came over my eyes and I thought I was going to faint. My heart beat as if it would break and a delightful anguish clutched at my throat.



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"When I managed to master myself I quietly asked my neighbor if he knew the people in the imperial box. 'They are,' he said to me, 'the Grand Duke Alexander, the Grand Duchess Marie, and the Princess Olga Alexandrowna.'

"At that moment the young girl, who was moving about and laughing a great deal, on turning around toward her parents, dropped her gold purse, which fell at my feet. I picked it up, and, without worrying about etiquette, I went up to the box. An officer stopped me in the passageway and took the purse from me.

"I went back to my place in despair as if some great misfortune had happened to me. But the Princess, leaning over toward me, made a gesture of thanks with her hand, accompanied by a pretty smile which filled my soul with sunshine.

"What can I say to you? From that very day I thought of no one but the beautiful Princess that I had seen. Nothing could banish from my heart that absurd, hopeless love. I felt a constant twinging pain which ended by troubling my mind.

"One evening, while hidden in the shadow of a house, I waited two hours in the snow without heeding the cold, in hope of catching a glimpse of the one who obsessed my heart. I felt an agonizing torpor come over me and I fell to the ground. You know the rest. I recovered from the illness that had overtaken me, but I did not succeed in forgetting the one who had caused it. Fate had planned that I see her again at Tcharkowla as the fiancée of the Grand Duke of Georgevia, and my heart bled once more. During the war I did not stop thinking of her. At the time of the Revolution I suffered all the terrors of anguish. Then I believed the Princess had been assassinated, and I wept as if she had been my life's companion."

The King remained silent for a few minutes, overcome by his past emotion, and then he continued his story, relating to his unexpected visitor his surprise and emotion when he saw Olga during a performance at the Olympia; the idea that came to him of playing, in order to recall the past to her, the melody of the Grand Duke formerly copied by him; the fainting-spell of the young girl, and, at last, following a desire expressed by her, their first interview in the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne.

"In going to meet her," he added, "I was both joyous and desperate; joyous at being able to approach her, to address her for the first time; desperate when I thought that after this brief interview, when she understood that I could give her none of the information she counted on, everything would be at an end. To have believed her dead, to find her again, then to lose myself in the crowd and live once more in the bitterness, rancor, and jealousy with which I had been tortured so many years; that is what awaited me.

"A bitter revolt surged within me, while, at the same time, an unformed desire took hold of me to conquer fate and overcome destiny. How can I explain to you what happened then? The Princess is a being of extreme sensitiveness. She nourished within her, against all likelihood, the hope that the members of the imperial family were not all dead, that the return of one of them would restore to her the position that she formerly held. She was prepared for the most romantic accounts; she awaited and solicited them, and believed in them before hearing them spoken of. I understood that suddenly as I gazed into her dreamy eyes, as they sparkled in their orbits."

"It was then," interrupted Ducastel, "that you told her you were the Grand Duke Michel?"

"I never told her that, Sir, but while she was talking to me a sudden irrational temptation crossed my mind, that of suggesting it, of making her see in me her former fiancé, of creating this image in her brain, and of making her say that I was Michel of Georgevia. For you must know this: the strange malady from which I had suffered for more than a year had left me a mysterious power of fascination. I certainly always had a strong will that permitted me to fight against adversity, but it did not demonstrate itself outwardly, as I might say, as it does today. From the moment that I got up I perceived that I had acquired the inexplicable faculty of creating around me a magic zone, such as the fakirs of India are said to do.

"It is this power which I made use of when I played on the stage; and if, since my accession to the throne of Georgevia, I may be seen constantly



Olga had listened to him, at first smiling, then astonished, and now she remained immovable, her heart tightening, foreseeing a misfortune.

visiting the notable people of the country, talking first to one, then to the other, it is not only because I am desirous of filling satisfactorily a position that has been, on the whole, usurped, but also because every individual on whom I fix my eyes is definitely conquered."

"That is truly something very remarkable," cried Ducastel, "and I understand now to what extent you are loyal to me when I realize that not once, since I admitted my true identity, have you fixed your eyes upon me."

"I thank you, sir, for having been good enough to take note of that."

"But did you exercise your power over Princess Olga?"

"I confess that I did. But hardly had I succeeded in this foolish enterprise than I repented and tried to efface the vision I had created. Alas, I did not succeed in doing so. This illusion re-

sponded too closely to the secret desires of Olga Alexandrowna. In order not to lose her forever, I found myself obliged to follow the track on which I had so imprudently started.

"That is why, Sir, I happen to be the King of Georgevia today."

The true Grand Duke, who had just taken another cigarette, leaned back in his armchair, and, after having reflected a few seconds, said:

"You have just told me, my dear fellow, one of the prettiest and most touching love stories that can possibly be conceived. It has definitely confirmed the spontaneous sympathy that you inspired in me at first sight. I regret not being able to permanently establish a bond of friendship with you. At any rate, when I return to my hermitage I shall take with me the comforting assurance that I have been replaced by a man who is at the same time bold and wise, courageous in adversity, firm and kindly when in command, possessing magic inspiration, a gift from Heaven for those who have to command; in other words, a leader.

"It is, therefore, with the greatest joy in the world and with no regrets that I turn the family papers over to you, which I am anxious to get rid of, and which will be of service to you if ever anyone tries to cast a doubt on your authenticity, an eventuality which is certainly not to be contemplated.

He drew from his pocket an envelope that was carefully sealed and placed it on the King's desk.

"Now," he said, I have but to thank you for this interview, which has been a lengthy one. Nevertheless, dear friend (you will permit me to call you this, won't you?) nevertheless I have a great desire to accept your kind proposal of a few moments ago and come to spend two or three days in this Palace, so as to live old memories over again before leaving forever this country to which I am still attached by some sentimental fibres. Be good enough, then, to give the necessary orders."

"By all means," replied Michel I., whose expression still remained thoughtful. "I shall also have need to converse further with you when I have pulled myself together and reflected."

He was going to ring, when Ducastel stopped him with a gesture.

"Just a moment. I almost forgot to ask you another question, evidently less important than the first, but which naturally piques my curiosity. Pardon my carelessness. Tell me, I pray you, who is your minister Dobrowski? For my Dobrowski is dead. O that I am, alas, certain, since I had the sorrow of closing his eyes and accompanying him to his last resting-place. I would not be sorry to know whence comes this man who is substituting himself in his place."

"Oh, that's very simple," replied the King, and I am surprised that you have not yet guessed it. That Dobrowski is

the comrade of whom I spoke to you just now, who became my friend when we found ourselves to be in the same Norwegian circus, and with whom I associated later. In the act of Michalis and Partner, he was Partner and I was Michalis. Nothing has changed."

"Admirable, really admirable. Then your Prime Minister is—"

"A clown! Yes, Sir. But not a chance clown like myself; no, a true clown, a clown since his youth. It is owing to this that he has travelled over the world for thirty years, engaged turn by turn in all the circuses in Russia, Germany, Austria, France, England, America, Australia, and even Japan. Intelligent, rarely talkative, but very curious, observing, and prone to meditation, he has acquired for himself a wisdom that the knowledge of humanity has been the means of increasing. He is a very good statesman."

"Well, well," murmured Ducastel, with admiration, "that is what we hereditary princes would never have dared to do; that is *what we could not*

Continued on page 40



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The Election in Ontario

By R. J. Deachman

THE policy of government control carried the election in Ontario. There is not a doubt of it. There was no other issue. Seldom has there been an election in which the whole thing was so completely tied up in one issue and one vital problem for the people. It was not party that carried the election. It was not Howard Ferguson. It was the judgment of the people upon the question of whether Ontario should continue to live, move and drink in the spirit of the Ontario Temperance Act or whether it should introduce government control of the liquor traffic as an attempt at solution of the booze problem. The decision is definite. In a house of 112, 74 straight Conservative supporters were returned. Four Independent Liberal and one Labor, all supporters of government control also got seats in the house. The opponents of the measure apparently number only thirty-three.

The Line-up

One very new and definite force took part in the campaign, namely, the Union Church. In pulpit and press its voice was firm and strident. There was something of the nature of a crusade in the movement. There was the singing of the old battle hymns which reminded one of the camp meeting fervor of the old days in Ontario, but the results proved that the church did not vote as it prayed—that the flock did not follow where the pastor led and when it came down to the last analysis there were thousands who listened but were not convinced, and so went out and voted for government control, feeling sincerely in their own minds that they offended neither God nor man in so doing.

Howard Ferguson made some slips in the early part of the campaign. As the politicians put it, "the breaks seemed to be going against him." For one thing he suggested the opening of beer parlors, but the roar that went up indicated that this was not a very popular proposition and the Hon. Gentleman, who has a rather able capacity for slipping an ear close to the ground announced that he had changed his mind in regard to that and so a section of his platform was quietly withdrawn and stored in the lumber room—some say for future use on a more auspicious occasion.

Then Mr. Ferguson made a strange slip in the early days of the campaign. He suggested that the young men of Ontario were going around with hip-flasks and that the average smart young woman refused to consider the modern young man as an "eligible hopeful" unless he was blessed with a modern form of halitosis, known as a whiskey breath. Of course the story was exaggerated and the exaggeration grew and grew, the further it got away from Mr. Ferguson. The result was that the youth of Ontario was rather vibrantly angry and they held enthusiastic meetings of protest all over the province. But when it came down to brass tacks on voting day the protest was really against the statement of Howard Ferguson and not against government control and protest passed to acceptance when the votes were counted.

Party Splits

One of the striking features of the campaign was the abandonment of party lines by even the most stalwart of political patri-archs. Outstanding examples of this were Sir Alan Aylesworth, a former member of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet, who came out strongly in favor of government control and on the other hand Sir George Foster, lifetime Conservative, who made many speeches in support of the Ontario Temperance Act. Sir George is no mean master of the speaking

art. He is now in his eightieth year. He graduated with a B.A. degree in 1868, many years before the average reader of this little story was even conscious of advent into this world. But Sir George has amazing physical vigor and there is in that keen mind no evidence of advancing years. Analytical, shrewd and caustic, he holds an audience with a magic spell, while an ordered and sequential mind marshals the facts with deft and logical precision. There are few upon the public platform today who, in an issue of this kind, could approach, even remotely, this old master of the Demosthenian art. But it counted for little. Toronto went out to listen to him 5,000 strong, but when it came to counting votes they went the other way.

The Women

Those who count chickens before they are hatched had placed the women of Ontario as being definitely opposed to government control of liquor. That judgment was unsound. If the women had moved en masse, Mr. Ferguson would surely now be leader of the Opposition, instead of Premier of Ontario with a commanding majority. The fact is that the women voted pretty much as the men. Here again it was not party ties that held them. It was the decision in their own minds that all was not well with the Ontario Temperance Act. The appeal to the emotions, the story of the "Face on the Bar-room Floor," the tragic story of the drunkard's ragged children no longer carries its appeal. Perhaps there may be two reasons for that. Excessive drinking is not now so prevalent as it was in the old days and women who have moved out from hooped skirts and crinolins and come in contact with the outside world consider things from a very different point of view from that held by their grandmothers. The women of Ontario did not vote solidly one way or the other. They differed on the issue, much the same as the men.

Then in the Province of Ontario there were certain very influential forces at work to support the restoration of "John Barley-corn" to an air of respectability. Many people thought that it would lighten their burden of taxation. Others were under the impression—perhaps an illusion—that it would increase prosperity. These were active and very potent forces,

but they were not the main cause of Ontario's swing into the wet column.

The Real Reason

Ontario turned right-about-face in the recent election because thousands of honest and sincere men and women were convinced that some form of government control of the liquor traffic was a more satisfactory solution of the problem than the Ontario Temperance Act. Rabid prohibitionists may scoff at this idea, but there is a sound fact basis for the assertion. Prohibition was not prohibiting. In most localities there was very little difficulty in securing at reasonable expense any desired quantity of hard liquor. People felt that the stuff was being used and if it was going to be used it was just as well to regulate the sale by government means as to carry it on by subterranean channels. This is not stated as fact, it only expresses what was the opinion of the majority of the voters who cast their ballots for government control in the recent election. We may quarrel with this opinion if we hold the opposing view. But it was that thought which swung the election rather than the many sinister influences so often suggested.

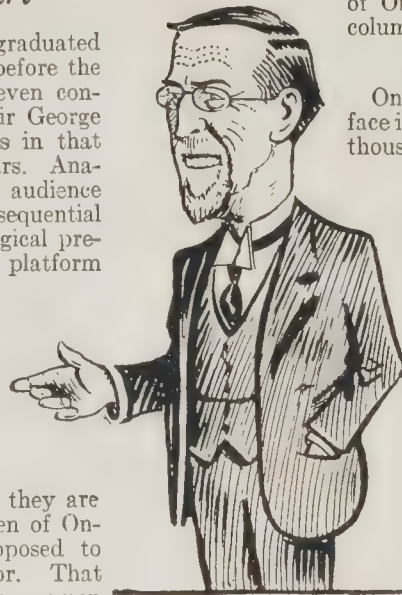
What of the Future?

Mr. Ferguson will now go ahead to evolve his plan of liquor control. He need not blind himself to the fact that his troubles are by any means over. The handling of the liquor problem is always extremely difficult. Ontario has voted for government control, but its vote means control. It does not mean that it favors laxity or sloppiness or the adoption of a "let her go" policy in regard to the liquor question. Though the victory is sweeping there is no tremendous popular majority. Mr. Ferguson has won his battle, but he has not yet won the war. That will be the test of his future—that in a measure will settle his fate.

But there is still something else on the horizon for Mr. Howard Ferguson. The Conservative party at Ottawa is not very sure of its leadership. Many people are now casting their eyes towards Toronto in the hope of finding a Moses who can lead them through the wilderness and Mr. Ferguson is a growing picture in their eyes. Will he, successful in one post, be moved up to a place of greater danger and greater possibilities? That, of course, is in the lap of the gods, but it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that his victory on this hard-fought field may in the eyes of many have fitted him for a higher sphere.

The Regrettable Part

There is one regrettable thing about the Ontario election. It brought the liquor question into the active arena of party politics. The referendum is by no means a satisfactory solution of every problem. It lends itself particularly to such a clear-cut issue as the choice between some form of prohibition and government control. Ontario is a vast province of wonderful resources and wonderful possibilities. It has tremendous problems. It would be regrettable if the liquor problem during the next few years should become so embedded in party tactics that it filled the whole space in the public eye. That is a danger which has come about from making it so clearly an outstanding political issue. That is a regrettable possibility. The only way to avoid it is to make a success of government control; that is the real problem which Mr. Ferguson faces in the next few years. If he can accomplish that and thereby eliminate the liquor question from the political field in the Province of Ontario he will have contributed something to the life of the province and the recent election will have been a genuine victory.



Sir Geo. E. Foster
opposes his own party



W.E. Sinclair, the Liberal Leader

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Giving a Room Its "Atmosphere"

A Most Important, If Somewhat Intangible, Part of the Furnishing Scheme

By

Katherine M. Caldwell

NOT very long ago, I heard a lecture given by an internationally famous authority on houses and their furnishing, which stressed a point that is not always brought out on similar occasions. With all the centuries of building, all the "periods" of furnishing, spread before him in one great panorama, he drew one simple message that colored his entire talk. Reduced to its most elementary form, it was this: the one underlying necessity, the one most satisfying characteristic, in the furnishing of the average home, is *hominess*! Not by any means the commonplace or crude or ugly sort of thing that we have come to describe by the rather perverted use of the word "homey," a word that conveys to most of us a state of things far from desirable—but that dear, lived-in, used-and-enjoyed quality that I am sure you have felt about some rooms that had a charm perhaps difficult to account for.

The "homey" room affords no excuse for the absence of good taste. Rather, it gives more than usually ample scope for it. A sure sense of what is good is a priceless gift—and if one feels that one has not come by it naturally, there are many ways of cultivating it in this fortunate day. In the type of room I have in mind, there can be a tremendous amount of individuality—and yet no offence to the most exacting taste.

Just what that sort of thing will contribute this pleasant atmosphere to our modern rooms. Given the fundamental furnishings, how are they to be warmed and brought into sympathy with the life of the people who use them?

We have discussed, from different viewpoints, the importance of color in any furnishing effect; here is one place where it is of vast importance. The use of the right color will do more, perhaps, than any other single feature, to establish a certain feeling in a room. There are colors that add cheerfulness, warmth, animation; colors that are calming, that have about them the quality of restfulness, a gentle influence; there are those delightfully unselfish neutral colors that will make of themselves the most unobtrusive backgrounds for the more vivid tones that give the accent and much of the character to our rooms; there are colors that bring coolness, others that simulate sunshine, seeming to create its gleams where, in actuality, none can enter.

Here, then, is a mighty factor in the fascinating business of making a room express a certain something. Don't be afraid of using it—we all love to play with color and become more enamored of the game as we become more successful at it. A good place to begin is on the room that is not quite contenting you as it stands. Would the addition of some telling color help? If you decide that it would, it is easy enough to introduce it—even in little things like candles, a new lamp shade, a table runner or a few cushions; tie-on slips for chair seats and backs, or a slip-cover or two for some of the chairs, a piece of vivid and interesting material—printed cotton, cretonne, an old Paisley shawl, perhaps, if you should be so fortunate as to own one—hung on the wall behind a sofa or table or desk, or given the place of honor over a mantel, instead of the more usual picture.

Perhaps you have a room that you have really worked out with great care, and are not yet satisfied with it; the rug, walls, furniture, are all well chosen, just what you wanted; you feel that so far as you have gone, there are no actual mistakes—

and yet the room fails to satisfy you, to give you the feeling you may remember in connection with some much-liked room in the past.

THERE is just a chance that the trouble may lie in a too-great, a too-apparent, carefulness; the room may have a bit of self-consciousness about it, as though to say: "I am this, thus and so, because that is the correct way to be." You feel, in short, that it might be the room of anyone with taste as good as yours, or a specimen room set up in a good

interests of the moment; such attractive and adaptable additions as the Windsor family, or the inexpensive and highly satisfactory reed and willow pieces, combine well with other furnishings, and the latter group, since they take stain and paint so well, will prove most willing accomplices in any color scheme, their cushioning increasing these possibilities many times.

Have you ever noticed the effect a clock will have in a room, if it is well chosen? Perhaps it will occupy a place on mantel or table; maybe it will tick off the minutes against the wall. Whatever its type, wherever it be placed, it adds a touch of life and cheerfulness that should not be underrated. You can often make a wall clock a part of a very interesting hall or living room group, placing it above a small incidental table or a writing desk or book case. Sometimes it will look well mounted, as it were, against a fabric wall-hanging such as we have already discussed.

The pictures on the wall will have more to do with the actual effect of a room than many people suppose. They should have some definite characteristics that establish their claim on that particular setting. A few pictures, interesting in themselves, and hung to the best possible advantage—even a single picture that will really mean something in the general plan of a room—are greatly to be preferred to a miscellaneous collection that has not much relation one to another, and no great individual interest. In this day of low-priced reproductions of good pictures, of delightful studies, well printed, in current magazines and so on, it is not difficult to find pictures that will be successful, even if one cannot afford to put much money into them. Hang them not only so as to do justice to the picture itself, but to make it effective in forming an interesting furniture group sometimes.

The purely decorative touches—flowers, plants, clusters of greenery or warm-hued autumn foliage, speak volumes of the attitude of the home's owners; yet even here there is room for individuality, for the expression of true artistry. I have seen a bowl of colorful berries picked from a wayside shrub, a jar of rushes or graceful weeds, surpass in effectiveness many a vase of hot-house blooms. At the present moment I have a bunch of pussy-willows that have charmed us since the spring of 'twenty-six; a great jarful of brown weeds picked in a neighboring field last fall, that I would not be induced to part with. Bulbs, too, are a source of joy and a real point of interest in a room, for they speak at every point in their progress, of a love of beauty and a willingness to take a little trouble to achieve it.

Another part of the furnishings that may contribute more than is sometimes asked of it, is the window treatment. Of course all curtains must be well hung—or they might better be omitted; nothing can look more absolutely forlorn than a curtain that sags in the middle, or one that dips here and there along its hem-line. Just re-hanging will accomplish wonders, sometimes. But with the over-curians in mind, I do like the suggestion of intimate comfort that is given by the idea that when darkness falls, they may be cosily drawn; there is something about that impression, even with the morning sunlight streaming in, that is pleasing in any but stifling weather.



Floral wallpaper and cretonne that, while not the same design, show a certain relationship

shop, to display the furnishings offered for sale. It lacks individuality, the stamp of your own personality, the reflection of the interests and life of the people who use it. Introduce some little details that will bespeak the things which interest those people, and your room will take on a lifelike quality in short order. Don't be afraid of the scattered books and magazines that the family enjoy; fix up the sweet old firescreen that was worked by the children's grandmother, or give a place on your wall to the bit of fine needlework that you may have been lucky enough to preserve; put interesting bits of covering on the one or two little footstools you may have tucked away, and put them where they will invite use; put some writing materials on the small side table that is only used for ornaments or a plant, perhaps, and place a small chair beside it—then note how often some member of the family will drop into it and scratch off a letter that might otherwise have been an un-done and bothersome chore, put off for weeks at a time! Place all the furniture so as to suggest the greatest and most comfortable use—little groups here and there of the things that can best serve their purpose by being near together.

Consider comfort, if the room is one in which the family foregathers. Don't have anything in it too good for use. Don't try to keep too closely to the rather tiresome "suite" idea; add, if they would help, some odd chairs, in the interests of comfort and friendliness—chairs that can be drawn together in intimate fashion, or turned to take a part in the

Keeping TEETH Free of Film

To Make Smiles
Really Count

*Smiles are Dazzling White When Film is
Gone. Teeth Sparkle Like Polished Jewels.*



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.



*A method dentists now
are widely urging*

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

part of daily life. Healthy glistening teeth cannot be expected as long as film clouds and endangers them. Gum disorders cannot be properly combated unless film is fought daily.

OLD-TIME BRUSHING FAILS

Recent dental findings proved old methods mostly failed in effectively combating film. That is why tooth and gum troubles were markedly on the increase—why so many teeth were "off color"; so many smiles unattractive.

Thus, for years, dental research sought ways to fight film. Then found two—two discoveries that are changing the tooth-cleansing habits of the world.



*The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by
Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities.*

NEW METHOD REMOVES FILM AND FIRMS THE GUMS

THOSE discoveries are now embodied in a film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent. Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Modern research proves curdling essential.

It acts then to remove the film and to polish the teeth in gentle safety to the enamel. It acts to firm the gums. It embodies, for this purpose, the latest discoveries of the modern scientific world in proper gum protection. No other tooth paste embodies protective features like those in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form. It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus, in many ways, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, second only to regular dental care, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

TEST PEPSODENT FOR COUPON

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. For 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1336, 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. Only one tube to a family.

Name

Address

United States Office and Laboratories: 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2290-Can.

URGE FREQUENT REMOVAL

One must fight film regularly; must remove it frequently, and make its removal a regular

the Pearl Grey Laco

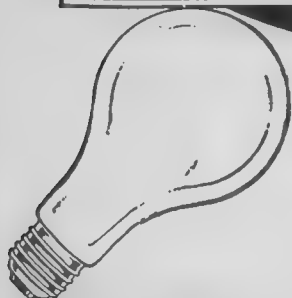
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marks an advance, in several important particulars, on any lamp previously produced.

- The frosting being inside, the smooth exterior is easily kept clean.
- It is rugged and strong in construction, not breaking easily.
- It lasts longer, and is therefore more economical than any of the old style lamps.
- Its light, while clear and brilliant, is diffused and free from glare and harshness.
- Its light is practically as strong as the old-style, clear-glass lamp, and much stronger than the outside frosted style.

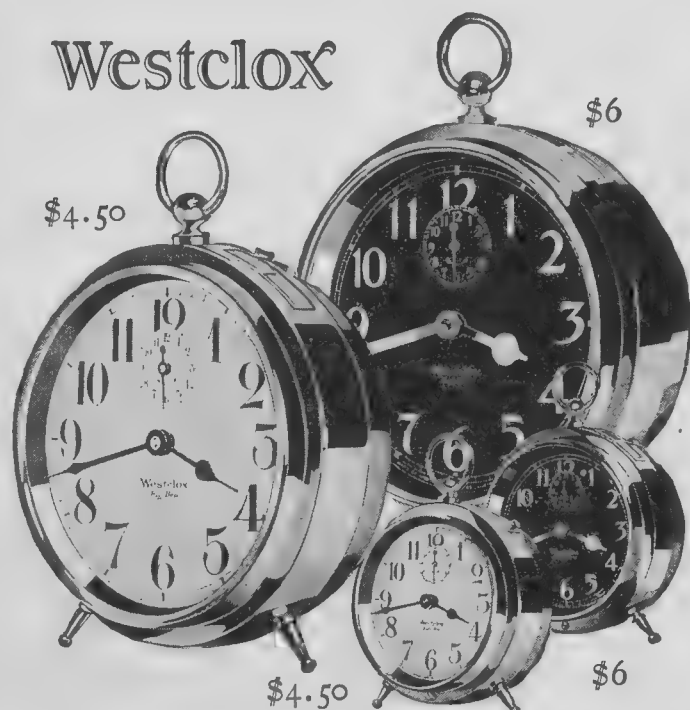
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44



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INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

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Those New Year Resolutions

IS ONE of yours to rise promptly during 1927? If so, you'd best take a Westclox into partnership.

Big Ben for instance. He's a dependable fellow; keeps good time; rings on the dot, "steady" or "repeat." White dial \$4.50.

Black dial, with numerals and hands that glow in the dark \$6.

Baby Ben, a truly helpful companion, in plain or luminous dials.

Other Westclox with regular and night time dials at from \$2 to \$6. All dependable.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LIMITED
Peterborough, Ontario, Canada

1A

The Shanty Girl

Continued from page 11

"No," she returned with an effort. "Oh, I just thought . . . There's real beauty in some of those shanty songs. But I don't suppose anyone knows them but the shantymen themselves and they don't sing—they roar," she laughed. Now, can't you come in to Larkins tomorrow afternoon?"

Kathie stood still, a whirl of feeling beating about her. At last the world had come knocking at her door. Larkins—the Conservatory! Tomorrow!

"Perhaps you would like to consult your mother?" added Mrs. Walters, rising and reaching for her gloves.

The soaring gladness dulled, fled. Through the limp curtains she could see her mother hanging over the back fence with a neighbor. Violent gestures, emphatic nods . . . Brampton Church—the sermon today! Her mother would refuse! Beyond, from the shadow of the timber, her father's huge form sauntered toward the house. A desperate determination nerved Kathie. Her chance, her life! Nobody should take it from her!

"I'll be in Larkins tomorrow afternoon," she returned steadily.

The graceful white-clad figure was gone down the weedy path. Kathie turned dazedly back to the room with its haphazard furniture, its patched and mended wallpaper. No, it was no dream that a stranger had been here, and heard her sing; had said those magic words of praise. The old song folio lay open on the organ. She picked it up with reverent fingers and held it against her breast. She would keep it, keep it always in the radiant years to come when she sang to great audiences in a gown of shimmering silk with jewels and flowers . . . Tomorrow! From tomorrow there stretched a path as vague in its untried loveliness as the gleam of the Milky Way!

The wrangle of voices obtruded, brought her face-to-face with the demands of grim actuality. She must go to Larkins tomorrow. She had money for her fare, money from berry-picking that was to have paid for a new winter hat. She smiled. By winter so many things might happen! Dear Leith. He had said she had everything but a chance. And now . . . But the voices were in the kitchen; sharp words flew like missiles. She went out quietly. Her father was tossing brown-flecked birds on the table.

"Grouse, Dad?" she began, but he turned upon her fiercely:

"So you went to church and listened to that skinny preacher knockin' yer own father, eh? Got a damn good notion to go down an' beat him up right now!"

Kathie faced him calmly. She could feel the light of scorn on her own face:

"Why, Dad, what does it matter about them—the whole of Brampton—what they say about us? They can't hurt us! They'll never hurt me again!" she declared emphatically.

Her father's eyes widened in his shaggy bearded face, then softened upon her:

"Well, if it's learned you a little sense," he grumbled.

"Let's have the two big grouse for supper," suggested Kathie. "I'll clean them. A fricassee, Dad?"

"H'm!" retorted her mother. "You're generally scared o' spoilin' yer hands. Take off that dress first."

"Go to it, Kathie," put in her father. "Hurry up. I'm hungry."

Behind the house, sheltered from the evening breeze, Kathie sat on an old bench and plucked the birds. She hummed gayly, oblivious to the bickering that went on, within doors. A plan was mapping itself in her mind. Would it work? It must, it must!

IT WORKED, she told herself next morning as she watched her mother, faded travelling bag in hand, go down the path, and walk, stiffly important, toward the trolley station. It had not proved so difficult to persuade Mrs. McGhee to visit her sister on the hill beyond Timber Line. Kathie flew about the kitchen littered with marks of her mother's clumsy preparations. Before her strong young hands the untidiness gave place to shining neatness. When she heard the back gate click she ran softly upstairs and began to sweep diligently. Her father's footsteps crossed the kitchen floor. She heard him rattle the cartridges in a box, then go out. The dogs jumped and barked about him as he walked, gun in hand, toward the wood. He would be gone all day.

By two o'clock she was ready. Her fresh young radiance showed no trace of the hot busy morning. Instead of the blue voile she wore a simple white organdie, its sheer folds rippling about her. It was last year's dress but she had washed and pressed it carefully. With a memory of Mrs. Walters' slim effectiveness she had added no touch of color. She was prettier this way.

The road to Brampton stretched before her a haze of golden promise—the road where yesterday she had walked so hopelessly, so miserably. How kind the sunshine was! The far horizon beckoned joyously. The jarring trolley wheels, the grinding brakes had no power to penetrate the aura of happiness enfolding her. Through the clatter and bustle of Larkins she walked with springing step, her feet scarce feeling the touch of hot pavements. Before the Conservatory she paused, swept by a sort of reverential fear. Somewhere within those imposing brown walls she might find what she had longed for all her life. Confused strains of music floated through the open windows. A sudden dread gripped her. Suppose—suppose they had changed their minds; did not want her now . . . A panic of fear sent her up the flowered walk to the door.

A woman in a white cap showed her into a large room where a murmur of talk ran on and on, bewilderingly. She stood hesitating near the door, the eagerness shrivelled into shrinking shyness. They were all so grandly dressed, so sure of themselves. One young girl stared superciliously. Her scrutiny drew other eyes; they seemed to search every detail of the old-fashioned organdie. Kathie felt a mad impulse to run and hide. But Mrs. Walters hurried toward her, greeted her kindly, and motioned toward a seat. Kathie slipped into it gladly.

Then someone began to play; chords of melody made of the crowded room a place of mystery and gladness. A fair young woman beside the piano was singing a song that breathed of roses and summer skies. After that it had all been a dream, Kathie knew; a dream from which she woke to find herself on the trolley grinding back to Brampton. A dream that when she had listened to beautiful singing, to music of harp and violin and piano, she had found herself beside the piano waiting the close of a prelude, to an Irish folk-song. She began nervously, the words pressing upon her throat. She was not singing well. Oh, she must—she must! Her very life depended upon it!

But when she had finished there had been a silence that sent her heart into her throat with dreadful fear. She had looked pleadingly, wildly at Mrs. Walters, whose face was still bent above the keys. Then a burst of applause

Continued on page 29

The Gathering o' the Clans in Toronto

The Scot's Idea of a Satisfying Beauty Show is the Winter Fair

By Catharine B. Robertson

A' DAY lang, hed I ben i' the judgin' ring at that Beauty Contest at the Coliseum, kent in these pairts as the Winter Fair. And beasties ane sees there are mair beautiful, forbye, than ony lassie in a bathing suit—aye!

It was Scotchmen, Scotchmen, everywhaur, and the first mon I met wi'oot a dialect carried me back to Toronto, frae far Hieland places. Ye ken, I hed been listenin' sae lang tae the judges and the cattlemen, and the sheep and swine men that, when the Canuck and me were made kent tae each ither, and he plainly said: "How do you do?" I was fair bewildert, but I returnt politely: "Come awa', laddie! Whit wey are ye here? I thoct we were a' Scots, hereaboot, the noo!"

"Ye cove a wummun," he replied. "What a critur ye are! I'm a reporter mysel'. And though I'm Canadian born, ma feyther was Scottish, and I can speak the tongue wi' the best o' ye! When cam' ye frae Scotland yersel'?"

"Fower generations ago," I tel't him, "but the tip-end o' my tongue, to this day, is a bit thick. And I've heard naething but the Scotch, the day, and my tongue naturally twirls itself a bit wi'oot my permission!"

Sae, findin' that he was a scribblin' chiel, like my ain sel', I speired o' him a few questions like this (questions I had na daured speir o' the knowledgeable, Scottish-born men): "Is a 'short-horn' a cow or a sheep, laddie, an' wit wey dae they pit pairmanent waves i' the coats o' they beautiful Clydesdale fillies?"

Syne we clacked thegither a bit, and we agreed-like that nefer had we seen sae mony Scotchmen gathered thegither in ane place, and, bein' better acquaintit than I, he tel't me the histories o' these Scottish men, an' a' thet their brains an' brawn had gi'en tae Canada.

We were joined by Miriam Green Ellis, a wumman-authority upon grains and livestock, wha was here tae telegraph awa' her reports o' the fair a ower Canada an' the States—an' by cable across the sea, no less! Aye, a graund wumman is Miriam, doin' a manly job, pairhaps, but, even when shtridin' aboot the judgin' ring wi' her high boots an' her breeches an' a' she could never luke onything but the sweet lady that she is—an' so say a' the Scots! Yet they freely admit that, as a man among men, she is a pairfect gentleman!

Noo, Miriam Ellis has a bit o' the Scottish blude in her veins (although she canna get the tongue, an' speaks wi' a pairfect Irish brogue when she attempts it), an' a lot o' the Scot in her disposeesion. She loves them a'—an' she brocht up Scot after Scot, an' made us kent tae each ither, an' it was borne in upon me that the maist clever and charmin' cattlemen at the Fair are Scots, no less! An' if ye doot me, here's tae tell ye aboot a few:

First there was Alex. Galbraith, wha lives in Alberta. He's a breeder o' Clydesdale horses. "He's the daddy of all the breeders," says Miriam, in her strange Canadian tongue, "he knows more about Clydesdales than any man on earth—and that's not maybe!"

And John Strachan—I'll tell ye mair o' him anon—spoke up: "Mr. Galbraith was bringin' pure bred Clydesdales intae this country afore maist o' these breeders were their first breeks!"

And Miriam, says she: "He's the most superb type of stockman, a Scottish gentleman of most strict integrity. Horse traders have been known to take advantage of a buyer's ignorance, but never, in all the forty years he has been in the country, has Alex. Galbraith been known to do that thing. His name, in the world of stockmen, stands for the most fastidious standard of honor."

Meetin' the mon, lukin' intae his fine, sensitive face an' his steady een, I believed a' they tel't me aboot him. "Yon's

a mon!" I says tae Mr. Strachan, an' he says "Aye, and a gentleman!"

And noo aboot John Strachan himsel', anither Scot o' the Scots! Wha is he? Agricultural Representative of the Canadian National Railways, an' a canny chiel! I speired o' him a' aboot his work, an' he tel't me mony interesting things.

Apairt frae his work o' arrangin' wi' the farmers and the pools for the shippin' o' cattle and grain ower the road, he has mair duties than ye cud shake a stick at, ava! There's no space tae tel lye a'—but for ane: he has inaugurated pig clubs for the bairns, and gangs aboot the land frae his headquarters in Winnipeg, learnin' the laddies and the lassies tae breed an' care for the humble porker.

Then their bit pets are exhibited at a' the country fairs, where the bairns are learned tae judge the swine for their value as pork. (And here I digress tae politely enquire how mony o' us—man an' wumman grown—could look at a pig, poke it all over, casual-like, and then tell the folks whether or no' it'll be tasty eatin'?)

And John Strachan (and 'tis pronounced in twa syllables wi' a deep sigh afore the secont), kens every pure bred crittur i' the West by name, and as he travels the countryside, it's "John, get me a ram," or "a bull," as the case may be, and they tell him the breed they want, or maybe ask his opeenion, and he keeps his een wide open, and soon he ships the crittur back, and they ken that it will be juist what's wanted, and the price richt, and no hanky-panky! He left us tae look at some prize cattle tae pairchase and send hame tae a freend in Saskatchewan. And be it plainly understood that, Scot or nae Scot, he does it for friendship's sake!

Mr. W. H. Gibson was anither fine Hielander at the fair. He is the director o' the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. There, he tells it, they specialize in the breedin' o' Clydesdale horses, and Ayrshire cattle, a' guid Scots thegither. Time was no sae lang syne, when the West got its breedin' stock frae the East but, accordin' tae Mr. Gibson, 'tis himsel' an' ither o' the Western breeders, are sellin' their equine an' bovine beauties tae the Eastern farmers an' breeders. (Trust the Scots—aye!)

Anither Scottish gentleman at the Fair was Mr. Henry o' Ottawa. He is an agricultural editor an' livestock authority. He tel't me mony an' interestin' an' enlightenin' fact aboot the beauties then in process o' bein' hung wi' ribbons in the ring, but I canna min' them a' tae tell ye, an' ye'd forget them onyway, like mysel'. He is a grand mon and a knowledgeable body, ye ken.

A' the Scotsmen were braw an' bonny, forbye, but ane o' the handsomest I'm leavin' tae the last. I speak o' Professor J. M. Brown, B.S.A. (Bachelor of Science and Agriculture), Guelph and Glasgow. He is professor of Animal Husbandry, no less, at the Agricultural College, Manitoba University. I hae it frae his ain lips!

"An' what is this Animal Husbandry?" says I.

"Well," says he (and I regret to state that he speaks mair like a Canadian than a Scotsman), "it's the science of practise in breeding and management of livestock, the grading of swine for the bacon trade, the culling of flocks of sheep to eliminate the undesirables."

"And is that a'?" says I.

"Not the half! But I may speak of the study of the practical problems of marketing to be solved by every farmer, and a study of the demands of the market in different parts of the country and of the world, in different types of stock."

"Real sensible," I thoct, an' then I speired o' the handsome professor: "Tell

Continued on page 47



Eight doctors out of ten advised Nujol type of treatment

DOCTORS from coast to coast were recently asked whether they advised the Nujol type of constipation treatment to their patients. 80.7% of all these doctors answered "Yes".

64% condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics. One doctor said, "An almost incalculable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the cost of permanent injury. Laxatives bring on the laxative habit."

Doctors advise Nujol

Doctors who said they were advising the Nujol type of treatment told us they were advising it in place of laxatives for these reasons: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. A more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Does not gripe; 5. Is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Unlike laxatives

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It

contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nature-given remedy

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation, whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

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For Constipation

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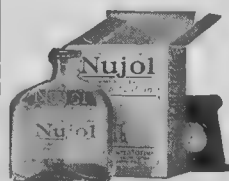
Nujol Laboratories, Room E, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

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Racing the Polar Pack

By Donald Gillingham

RACING for the outside world in an endeavor to beat the Polar Pack before it closed near Point Barrow, the Hudson's Bay trading steamer "Baychimo," reached Herschel Island on August 30th, but was forced to halt to take on the last of her cargo of furs. The

ship, with two million dollars worth of raw skins, was just about to put to sea when a terrific gale sprang up and drove a vast field of groaning ice down upon the vessel. So tremendous was the wind that before the vessel could beat out to sea it was driven upon the mud of the sandspit, while broken ice surged all around. Something had to be done quickly. So a huge kedge anchor, kept especially for such purposes, was made ready. At the same time the launch was swung from the deck to the water alongside the steamer. By aid of the derrick we lowered the massive hook overboard and suspended it with strong ropes beneath the after end of the launch. The ton weight almost drew the launch under. With a cable from one of the winches fastened to the anchor, the launch chugged to the middle of the bay. Two slashes of a knife on the ropes holding the anchor to the launch, and the huge hook plunged to the bottom. Then slowly the screeching winch pulled in the cable. At the same time the steamer's propeller churned the mud. The ship presently gave, slipped from the beach into the deep water of Pauline Cove, and the "Baychimo" ploughed through a jumble of drifting bergs and anchored outside in a clear lane of water.

The "Baychimo" steamed away next morning, and the deck echoed with the name of home and the outside world. All through the ever shortening days for weeks we had rushed the work in order to be sure of beating the enclosing ice. But after all, apparently, our hurry had been useless, for as the steamer turned the point of the island there was disclosed a seemingly impenetrable ice barrier. Around me men grumbled as visions of home firesides faded. That barrier prophesied we might spend the winter in the cheerless village of Herschel.

In the next two weeks the steamer made twelve attempts to buck the ice. After each unsuccessful dash for the open sea we turned back and anchored off the island. The long nights had begun. Several times the slight vibrating hum of the wireless lines overhead warned us of an approaching wind. Hoping for a favorable, ice-wind, the crew would gather to listen, at times crying cheerily "A north-easter, boys!" And for a little while such a wind would shriek with violence, then, O torturous, disappointing air, would swing round to the west, jamming the ice still tighter. But after two weeks of such waiting

the ice did open up. For the thirteenth time the "Baychimo" steamed past the point and crashed through fifty miles of loose flows. Everybody sang, till presently there loomed up ahead a heavy ice field, while a mirage so distorted the horizon that it was impossible to get any

canvas over the exposed instruments. On shore the natives were busy storing food. Over a thousand seal were taken in the harbor in six inch mesh nets which reach forty yards from shore. All through the days the guns also roared along the mud banks, and the beach was lined with

plies of seal. The carcasses were later stacked on huge platforms, tier on tier, out of reach of the hungry dogs and foxes, until the structures tottered under the tremendous loads.

The little village of Herschel is undoubtedly the only place in the world where a man can shoot from his window into the main street and bag a polar bear. But polar bears are so plentiful in the region they occasionally pass through the village, and this unique pot-shot has been done many times. In the vicinity of the village a man now and then even gets close enough to the animals to take a photograph.

All this time we had been trying to get in

clear view. The barometer began to fall. The ship turned back to Herschel. Next day a west wind sprang up and closed the ice again.

SEPTEMBER was nearly ended. The wild fowl had all departed south.

touch with the outside by wireless. Day after day the operator had continued sending for hours at a stretch, but apparently no station received them as he could get no answer. It seemed that the Alaskan mountains hindered the wireless waves. To overcome this the ship steamed fifty miles almost due east, and the operator tried again. Finally a faint reply came. Then no more. We learned afterwards that only part of our message had been picked up, conveying a misleading conception so that some newspapers came out with horrifying headings next day such as: Thirty-three men face death in the ice."

After the "Baychimo's" attempt to inform the world it would be locked in for the winter, the last hope of getting through was given up, and final preparations were begun on September 29th, to make the vessel fast alongside the sandspit. We hauled great ropes upon the deck, and oiled blocks and winches. Yet it is a peculiarly human trait to continue hoping for the seemingly impossible. And so at this last minute, with the ship only a hundred yards from her winter berth, the ice pilot abruptly called out: "We'll wait one more day. Looks as if the weather might change."

And sure enough a north-easterly gale

sprang up on September 30th. The crew prayed the ice-breaking wind would continue. It did. A final dash for liberty was made the next day at 3.30. The fog billowed in chilly clouds about the ship, but we steamed on. Just off the point the fog lifted and revealed to our astonished eyes miles of open water. Rushing at top speed the ship churned ahead for four days and nights. Not an ice floe was to be seen; on all sides open water. The ice pilot remained at his post continually; down in the gloom of

Con'td on page 43



An Eskimo residence and occupants



A Seal food cache in the Arctic

Several mornings the whole sea became immobile under an unbroken blanket of ice, only to be broken when the wind blew. The ship was prepared for wintering here. We dismantled the decks of all running gear, unshipped the ventilators, boarded up the galley, and put



The Steamer "Baychimo" in the ice



HEWETSON Guaranteed SHOES for CHILDREN

It is more difficult to build shoes for children than for adults. Children's shoes must be roomy, stylish and built to stand the severe punishment that youngsters inflict on their footwear.

Such a task requires the work of specialists. Hewetsons have specialized in children's shoes for many years, that is why Hewetsons are guaranteed to be the best shoes for children from First Steps right through to the adult stage.

Do not fail to look for the Hewetson trademark, it is your assurance of securing the proper shoes for your children without paying unnecessarily high prices.

Correct
support
for Ankle
and Arch



Look for this
guarantee tag



Made stronger
to wear
longer,

The J. W. Hewetson Co., Limited
Shoemakers to Children
Brampton, Ontario and Acton, Ontario

The Opening of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg

THE new St. John's Cathedral, a fitting memorial to the late primate, Archbishop Machray, was opened on Sunday, December 5th, an historic event in the annals of Western Canadian history, and of the Church of England in Canada.

Built on the historic site, where John West erected his first church, over one hundred years ago, and where two other churches had stood buildings varying from a plain wooden shack and more pretentious structures, the beautiful stone edifice was formally opened by His Grace, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, the Primate of all Canada. His Grace offered the dedicatory prayer, after which deeply moved by the occasion, expressed his gratitude to all who had, by their benevolence, made the New Cathedral possible.

The Cathedral has a seating capacity for eight hundred persons. The nave, transepts and chancel, are beautifully proportioned. On the left of the chancel is a small chapel, where special week-day services may be held, and which accommodates about fifty persons, on the right are the robing rooms, for the clergy and choir.

The chancel floor is covered with a rich green carpet, and it harmonizes well with the dark oak pews and doors. Beautiful lanterns, from which a soft rich light radiates, hang from the oak ceiling, by long black iron chains, and the effect is very pleasing.

One is struck by the simple, quiet, dignity of the whole, as one enters the sacred edifice.

The dedicatory services were very largely attended, representatives from the state, the bench, other colleges, sister parishes and other denominations, being present in large numbers.

The early celebration at eight o'clock was taken by Canon Gill, Canon Stevenson, Canon Murray and Rev. John Rowe. Matins were read by the Rev. Canon Murray, The Right Reverend Lord Bishop

of Keewatin and Canon Gill read the lessons. The Venerable Archdeacon Cody of St Paul's Church, Toronto, preached at both services, and he made a deep impression on the vast congregation. He declared the Cathedral was not only the outcome of much prayer and sacrifice, but it was also an expression of great debt to the past. He particularly offered his congratulations to the Primate who had largely inspired the efforts which had made such an edifice possible. St. John's Cathedral, he declared, was the symbol of the ecclesiastical and political growth of the west land, the spot where we were worshipping was one of the most sacred in Western Canada. A beautiful anthem, "Stand up and bless the Lord", by Goss, was rendered by the choir under the leadership of the organist, Thomas Sutton.

The evening service was sung by Rev. Wm. Askey, rector of Christ Church, Canon Gill and Canon Stevenson assisted. Before the close of the service, the congregation joined with the choir in singing the Te Deum, a most inspiring and fitting ending to the services.

The Women's organization of all the Anglican Churches in the City, attended a service on Monday evening, following the Archbishops invitation. The Rev. R. W. Ridgeway rector of St Thomas preached.

On Thursday night the clergy and alumni of St. John's College attended a service, the special preacher on this occasion being His Grace, The Archbishop.

The men's societies of the church attended a service on Friday evening, the preacher being Rev. Canon Bertal Heeney. A children's service was held on Sunday afternoon, December 12th when all the children from the eight parishes in St. John's were present. Ven. Archdeacon McElheran addressed them. The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Fredrickton, who is an old Johnian, preached at both services on December 12th.



St. John's Cathedral

Lines Written by Rev. Chas. H. Bristoll at the Time of the Opening of St. Johns Cathedral

Some still survive around St. John's,
Whose father helped John West, to plant
The Word of Life within their sons,
And teach God's will and covenant.
Dear Sacred spot! where Red Man trod,
Behold what changes time hath wrought
Since first that holy man of God
Christ's message of Salvation brought!
A lowly Church stood rude and bare,
With walls of logs, and roof of sod.
The natives met to worship there,
And raise their chants, in Cree, to God.
Well nigh a hundred summers past
Since first the little Church had birth.
Around it now her Saints do rest,
Whose lives enriched the Church on earth.

Now as they wait with Him their Lord
Their children's children think of them
As stone on stone, and board on board—
A grand Cathedral raised by men.
In old St. John's men pledged their word
With faith and hope God's love to spread;
Some work at home, some toil abroad,
And by such priests men's souls are fed.
And now behold a stately pile,
A monument to answered prayer,
A house where men of rank and file
Find restful calm and solace rare.
Through winter storms erect she'll stand,
While priests of consecrated life
Before its altar ever bend
And lead their people on to light.

Help Yourself to Health



Splitting heads

Her head was throbbing dizzily with pain. Black spots danced impishly before her eyes. Her hands were as cold as her despairing heart. Where had her vigor gone? What thief of life had stolen her health and charm? These questions are daily asked by millions of women. The answer is—constipation.

But there is one sure, safe, pleasant way to be permanently rid of constipation. Use Kellogg's ALL-BRAN regularly every day. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal—and you will know freedom from this dread disease which you never thought possible.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is what doctors call a bulk food. As it journeys through the body its fibre remains unchanged. Therefore, it can sweep the intestine clean. ALL-BRAN also absorbs and carries moisture through the intestinal tract, thus stimulating regular, healthy action.

You'll like Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Its delightful nutty flavor makes it good as a cereal. Serve with milk or cream alone or with fresh or preserved fruit. Sprinkle over other cereals or cook with hot cereals. Try it in soups too. Also use the many recipes given on every package. If eaten regularly, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to bring permanent relief.

Be careful! Only ALL-BRAN brings sure results. Be sure to get Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. A part-bran product is only partially effective—maybe not at all. Kellogg's is the original and only 100% ALL-BRAN. Doctors recommend it. All grocers sell it. Buy a package today. Note how much better you'll feel in a week. Served in leading restaurants.

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Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN

The original ALL-BRAN—ready to eat



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TO THE ORDER OF
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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
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BANK MONEY ORDER

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Enclosed find Royal Bank Money Order for \$45.00 due to you for this month's acct.
Yours truly
J. Roberts

The Farmers Creamery Limited
Johnville, Quebec.
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John Brown, Fine Ridge.

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ERE this article will have appeared in print the year 1926 will have departed to the shades of former days and we shall stand upon the threshold of a New Year with its possibilities of failure and success, of prosperity and adversity, of affluence or poverty. With this in mind it seems but natural that there should be an attempt made to scan closely the events of the past year and to formulate plans to cope with these difficulties which experience has brought to our notice.

In one sense probably nothing has been more typical of the ups and downs of an agricultural community than the vicissitudes through which we have gone in 1926. The promises of early Summer as to a bumper crop, unfortunately were not fulfilled and unseasonable and long-continued rains and early snow made threshing a matter of extreme difficulty and uncertainty. Recent reports however indicate that the greater proportion of the crop has been garnered in. Proof of this may be found in the welcome reports of wholesale houses that trade in seasonable goods has been satisfactory and collections from country merchants have shown a great deal of improvement. This year grain prices have been subject to little variation especially in comparison with other years.

In two departments at least the Dominion is bidding fair to obtain a premier position in the world marts. The milling industry has reason to be proud of the success which it has attained. In 1901 Canada exported 1,100,000 barrels of flour; in 1911, 3,000,000; in 1918 (which was the peak war year) 10,826,633 and in 1925, 10,169,692. Only one other country, the United States, surpassed these figures, their production being 13,909,000 barrels. The shipments to Great Britain by Canada exceed the American shipments by about 350,000 barrels and comprised 42% of the total flour importations of the Old Land. It is common knowledge that the increasing domestic consumption and stationary production of wheat in the United States is bringing about a situation when the export of wheat will fall away very considerably, thus giving an admirable opportunity to Canadian millers to widen their markets and make this industry one of the greatest which Canada possesses.

IN the realm of newsprint Canada has shot ahead by leaps and bounds until in this year she has outstripped her American rival and now reigns as the largest producer of newsprint in the World. The value of newsprint exported from Canada for the eight months ending with August of 1926 exceeded \$73,000,000. It looks as if shortly the consumption of newsprint will equal the production and as there are never any large amounts on hand, the future of the industry looks bright. As one financial paper puts it; "Improved highway and railway transportation is another factor influencing the consumption of newspapers. With the advent of quick transportation it was possible for the large daily and Sunday newspapers to extend their circulation to the farming communities." In this way a wider field was created and of necessity articles in the papers became more diversified and the size of the paper increased. If Canada is successful in the appeal which is now being heard before the Privy Council as to the ownership of the Labrador hinterland a wide expanse of timber will be available for the development of this industry.

The interdependence of one group of society upon another has been strikingly illustrated by the British Coal Strike. Attempts have been made to estimate the loss to Englishmen, but these have been highly speculative. It is however, comparatively easy to show that Canada has suffered very materially especially in the sale of agricultural products. In every line there has been a marked decline in exports to England. The export of cattle has dropped to 73,333 head up to the end of November 1926, as compared

with 99,705 head in 1925. Butter exports up to October 1926 declined from 308,437,000 pounds in 1925 to 94,121,000 pounds in 1926. Cheese, bacon, hams, fresh beef, pickled pork, mutton, lamb exports have all similarly declined. It is to be hoped that now the miners have decided to return to work, these figures will be substantially increased.

THE good work accomplished by the sheep and swine cars travelling in Northern Saskatchewan is evidenced by the number of farmers who have attended to inspect the various animals carried in the train. At the beginning of December some 1,155 farmers had visited the train, making an average of 65 at every farm which the train had visited—a highly satisfactory record, especially in view of the impassable nature of the roads. A large number of boars, sows, rams and ewes have been sold, and the hope is entertained that the strain will be greatly improved.

The past year has afforded a great deal of satisfaction to industries exporting goods to foreign lands. The Royal Bank of Canada in its December monthly letter makes a special point of reference to the increase in the value of foreign trade. In part the letter states that the relative importance of foreign trade in the commercial life of Canada is far greater than the part it plays in most countries. In the twelve months ending September 30, 1926, the value of Canada's foreign trade amounted to \$2,300,000,000 or to more than \$250 per capita for the United Kingdom and less than \$100 per capita for the United States. World trade has not yet recovered to a point where it has surpassed the volume of 1933 and it will be some years before it reaches up with the normal growth which might have been expected in these intervening years, but Canadian external trade now has a value in terms of pre-war prices at least 25% ahead of that for 1913, and the dollar value of the present trade is nearly double that of 1913. Changes in price levels make necessary this double statement of the improvement. In 1900 Canada's foreign trade amounted to \$64 per capita; in 1913, \$136; in 1922, \$166; in 1923, \$191; in 1924, \$210 and in 1926, \$250. The rate of the recovery and expansion of Canadian external commerce has far surpassed the rate of general recovery and this movement suggests that the further stabilization of Europe will bring further demand for Canadian goods.

The Bank of Montreal Annual Return

THE annual return of the Bank of Montreal was recently presented to the shareholder's meeting held at Montreal and an analysis of the financial statement shows that this institute is maintaining and solidifying its enviable position in the world of finance. Its branches spread throughout Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, France, United States, Mexico, West Indies and its connections throughout the whole world.

Not only does this statement enhance the reputation of the bank but it reflects the spirit of optimism in the future of Canada which is now permeating all branches of industry and finance, and causing us to realize that greater prosperity is near at hand.

The statement shows that the usual dividends have been paid at the rate of 12 per centum per annum, with a bonus of 2 per centum. The profits for the year, after deducting charges for management and making full provisions for all bad and doubtful debts amounted to \$4,978,133.38, thus allowing the sum of \$767,416.69 to be carried to the Profit and Loss account, an increase of \$170,628.33 over last year. The statement in more detail is given in this issue and should be carefully examined by all who are interested in the progress of one of the largest financial institutions in the world, the assets of which now total the remarkable figure of \$781,585,145.20.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

THE first thing to consider in the formation of a contract is offer and acceptance. Every contract when analyzed springs from one person saying to another "will you do so and so or will you pay so and so" and the other party saying "I will". Unless there has been a complete agreement between the parties brought about in this manner no contract recognizable at law is brought into existence. The offer or its acceptance or both may be made either by words or by conduct. A common illustration of offer and acceptance by conduct is afforded by the sending of goods and their use or consumption by the receiver. The sending is the offer, the use or consumption is the acceptance, importing a promise to pay a price. It is very important to remember this rule of law because a certain number of firms, desirous of getting rid of surplus stock, are in the habit of sending goods without being requested to do so. If the receiver uses these goods in any way he is bound to pay for them. If a person receives goods in this manner the best thing to do is to notify the sender that he has not ordered the goods and that he intends to charge storage for them as long as the sender refuses to take delivery. The acceptance may be by conduct. For instance, if "A" asked "X" to do work for which payment would obviously be expected, "X" may accept by doing the work but there must be a definite request for the work to be done. If a person out of the generosity of his nature comes to my house and without any request from me performs services I am under no obligation whatever to pay him. A contract can only be created when the offer is communicated to the other party. Take for instance the case where "X" offers a reward in return for information. "A" gives him the information without knowing that a reward has been offered. In this case "A" is unable to claim the reward because no offer was ever communicated to him. It must be remembered that the acceptance must be communicated either by words or by conduct; for mental acceptance is ineffectual. "X" was a candidate for the head mastership of a school and the Board of Managers with whom the appointment lay passed a resolution selecting him for the post. One of the managers acting on his own behalf told "X" that he had been selected but "X" received no further intimation. Subsequently the managers rescinded the resolution and "X" endeavored through the courts to obtain a declaration that he had been appointed head master. It was held that as there was no authorized communication from the managers no contract had come into force.

In our October issue we published a question submitted by "Subscriber" of Nottingham, Sask., and our reply thereto. Shortly thereafter we received the following letter from the Alberta Wheat Pool. "Our attention has been drawn to the 'Legal Information' column of your October issue, wherein the following question is asked:- "(2) C. rented a farm from D. on the usual crop share contract. C. also owns a farm and has signed a contract with the Pool, but D's farm was not signed into the Pool. Has C. to deliver his grain into the Pool that was grown on D's farm? At the time of signing Pool contract C had only signed the contract for all grain grown on his own farm". To which the following answer appears: "(2) We have not C's Pool Contract before us, but judging from the facts stated, the Pool can have no claim on grain grown on the rented farm." This answer is incorrect as the terms of the Pool agreement, obligate a member to market through the Pool all wheat over which he has the selling right in the Province wherein his Pool contract is operative." In reply to this letter we wrote to the Alberta Pool as follows:- "We received your letter of October 30th with reference

to our published question and answer in the Western Home Monthly. We naturally regret if anything which we have published has been in any way misleading to our readers. However, we are sure that you will admit as far as the facts stated in the question are concerned our answer was justified. You will see that the question stated that "at the time of signing Pool Contract "C" had only signed the contract for all grain grown on his own farm". If as you say the standard contract would include all grain which any farmer might grow, the above statement of facts would not be accurate, so that our answer would not apply. In order to avoid any possible inaccuracy in our answers in the future with reference to your contracts we would like you to send us one of your uniform form of contracts or copies of your contracts if you have more than one form."

We have received a copy of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Contract and from it we are satisfied that "Subscriber" was inaccurate in advising that his contract covered only his crop on a particular farm. After reading the Saskatchewan and Alberta Wheat Pools uniform contracts we are of the opinion that every farmer that signs a contract must market through the Pool all wheat produced or acquired by or for such farmer in either of said Provinces. (There are certain exceptions in the case of sales of grain for seed, and of course permission to the farmer to retain sufficient wheat for his own purposes.)

Answers to Enquiries

Q. Will you kindly advise me on the following question: viz; I had a house for sale and put the matter into the hands of a real estate firm to rent or sell. This firm "A" gave me a card to put in the window, and my house address was on the bottom of this card, so that any person interested could take up with myself or the real estate firm. I incidentally mentioned to another firm "B" that I had a house for sale, and if they could find me a customer to advise me, and I would see if we could make a deal. Some days after the above card had been in the window a man called at my house and asked for particulars about the property. He told me that he had seen the card in the window and had also inspected the house as the door was not locked. We made a deal and firm "A" made out the papers for me. I have now received a letter from firm "B", stating that they sent this party to look at the house and are asking commission of \$50.00 (selling price was \$1000) as they contend they sold the house. The above party when he called at my house did not mention about firm "B" telling him about the property and he led me to understand that he was passing the place and saw the card in the window. I have since learned that firm "B" did give him the location of this house but he did not go to look at same, but some days after when passing the house he saw the card and did not think anything about this being the same place as firm "B" spoke to him about. Can firm "B" claim \$50.00 under the above circumstances, the deal is now made and put through by firm "A"?—H.A.C.

A.—Only one commission should be paid on the sale. If you have not paid firm "A" the commission you could refuse to pay either firm but offer to pay the commission into Court for the firm entitled. When either sued you, you could call upon the other firm to interplead and have the court decide which should have the money. If you have already paid firm "A" and firm "B" sues you, then you should defend and have firm "A" joined in the action. Upon the facts you narrate we believe you are not liable to firm "B".

Flattery gives a man an excuse to believe something about himself that he knows is not true.

Bank of Montreal Heads Optimistic on Canada's Outlook

Optimistic references to business conditions in Canada were made at the 109th annual general meeting of the Bank of Montreal by the president Sir Vincent Meredith, and by the general manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor.

A broad survey of trade conditions, declared Sir Vincent, finds much to hearten and little to discourage. In almost every department of business, activity is greater and profits higher. This finds practical demonstration in the growth of the pulp and paper industry, the exploitation of our mineral resources and the harnessing of our enormous water power resources.

Describing present conditions in Canada, the president drew the conclusion that the Dominion "has emerged from the shadow of restricted business, unsatisfactory earnings and indifferent balance sheets and the trend of business is now distinctly upward in practically all lines of trade. I cannot see any indication that this period of prosperity is soon coming to an end. I believe the underlying conditions are sound and the future can be viewed with confidence."

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, in his address, reviewed the various services rendered by the bank in the interests of the general public and that of Canada, such as the crop reports during the crop season, the monthly business analysis and the various pamphlets issued to farmers in Canada and in foreign countries.

In connection with the attraction Canada holds for foreign capital he mentioned three facts about Canada:

Firstly, it is pointed out that less than 50 years ago the three Prairie provinces were uninhabited. Today on the fertile plains is a population of two million prosperous people, with millions of rich and idle acres awaiting settlers. In 1900 the value of the field crops of these provinces is given at 32 million dollars; now it is close to 700 millions. This, the report says, is in the nature of a sure and rapidly rising dividend.

Secondly, although Canada is known as an agricultural country, it may not be realized abroad that the gross value of our manufactured products in 1924, the last obtainable figures, was \$2,695,000,000, nearly twice the agricultural production for the same year.

Thirdly, such progress has been made in harnessing water power, that Canada is now the second country per capita in this respect in the world. "When developments now under way are complete, Canada will have in use 4,500,000 horse power, representing a capital investment in power plants and transmission lines of 854 million dollars."

"These three facts alone," the General Manager said, "should be enough to attract the notice of British engineers, promoters, investors, manufacturers and intending emigrants."

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CFAC....Calgary HeraldCalgary
CJCA....Edmonton JournalEdmonton
CKCD....Vancouver Daily Province
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KFOA....Times.....Seattle

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COME LET US READ A WHILE

BY W.H.M. LIBRARIAN

First—A Happy New Year to all my readers. May they have good books aplenty to companion them in leisure hours. Books of wisdom, books of cheer. Prose and poetry. Fiction and biography. Books for laughter, books for guidance and books that are like refreshing springs along the dusty highway all must travel.

I CAN'T remember the name of that amusing book in which the action takes a week, and in which the author shows us a publisher, his wife and family, an emotional crisis, a legacy and a happy readjustment. Mr. Dudley Carew is content with three days, "Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday" (John Lane: the Bodley Head) in which to introduce us to a very fine man, whose daughter calls him "Lionel," a rather cold woman whose son calls her "Doris"; a youth called Tony, who doesn't belong to Lionel and Doris but is queerly attached to them, and is under the dominance of Lionel. Tuesday is enough for us to learn all this—or so little—and to learn also that Joyce is in a queer emotional state about Tony and is always having a whisky and soda. Lionel is practically a stranger to his wife Doris, his daughter Joyce, his son Michael; only Tony loves him. Wednesday—Roma, an actress, who admits to one husband and two lovers is now bent upon gobbling up Michael. Wednesday finishes with a queer scene between Tony and Doris.

Thursday: the house in Cheyne Walk—that's where these Cecil's live, is occupied with breakfast betting on horses. Then Michael meets his Roma at lunch and she makes him promise to run away with her. Even the author was hard put to it to make Thursday last long enough for all the dreadful things to happen, so we have Thursday II, which shows us a cynical Doris, a disillusioned Lionel, a heartbroken Joyce, an eloping Tony and a triumphant Roma. Very cleverly written; an atmosphere created that holds one, and although it's all so strange and improbable, it seems quite like real life!

An Idealist

I have just finished reading "That Kind of Man" by J. D. Beresford (Collins & Son). I have enjoyed it tremendously. It is very refreshing in these days of gloomy realism to meet Henry Blackstone, who prizes loyalty and decency above all else. J. D. Beresford has achieved what I had begun to think was impossible. He has written a modern novel about everyday people in a realistic, unsentimental way, and yet he has portrayed a man who wins our love and respect without divorcing his wife and making a mess of his home generally! I do not want to gush, but it is on the tip of my pencil to say that Mr. Beresford has given us a beautiful book. Not the type of beauty that flourishes because of happiness, financial ease, marital perfection, but in spite of the lack of these things. Without any of the noise and clatter, without any of the tricks in

which A. S. M. Hutchinson indulges, Mr. Beresford has given us in Henry Blackstone a man who will be remembered as long as Mark Sabre. I longed for Henry Blackstone to be happy; I knew he was married to the wrong woman; I was sorry that he had financial burdens, irritated at his silly son and at his pert daughter. But if Mr. Beresford had sent him off with Mrs. Thurlow his book would have become a third rate sensational shocker. As it is, it is a true and fine study of a man whom I am quite convinced is alive; lives in Ladbroke Grove, and could never do a mean thing if he tried! I know there is much more one could say about this book. I could dilate upon the subtle analysis of the character of the wife who is so unsuited to Blackstone, but the purpose of this page of mine is not to show how observant a writer I am, but to draw your attention, when possible, to books worth reading, and this undoubtedly is one of them.

Mostly Pneumonia

WHO is Raingo? Who is he that reviewers all discuss him? I do not know, and to tell you the truth I do not care. "Lord Raingo," Arnold Bennett's latest (Cassell & Co.), is a sufficiently absorbing tale without playing crossword puzzles in the hope of discovering purple patches in the lives of the political angels of today.

I have never been fortunate with Arnold Bennett. I put it this way because I know that it is my misfortune not to be able to share the enjoyment of a huge public in his books. Last summer I bought in St. Malo a copy of one of his old novels, "The Lion's Share." I would have preferred a mouse's. I certainly could not swallow that lump of boredom. I borrowed "Helen of the High Hand" a few weeks ago, and although I found it a pretty enough story for a quiet hour when one has one's Jaeger slippers on, I could not become enthusiastic. "Mr. Prohack" left me cold. In fact, I had to skip a great number of pages. "The Pretty Lady" was disgusting. Therefore it is clear I am to be pitied, for novel reading is to me one of the joys of life, and to be unable to be enthusiastic, a Red Letter Day.

Perhaps my luck has turned, and I am to be endowed with the power to become one of the many thousands who adore anything Arnold Bennett writes. "Lord Raingo" is the type of story that Gilbert Frankau would have liked to have written, I am sure. It has a strong human appeal which Frankau tells us is the essential quality of the best-seller. From the word "Go" we are interested in Lord Raingo, and if the political disquisitions pall, the reviewer comforts himself with the remembrance of the second volume of "The Life of William Clissold." (Of this book later.) That Lord Raingo's liaison arouses neither sympathy with the lawful wife nor disgust at the middle-aged

gentleman is due to the fact that Arnold Bennett, and not Gilbert Frankau, gives us the picture. Even had Arnold Bennett not smashed up the lawful Lady Raingo in a motor accident, I believe our feelings would have remained neutral to the end.

I should think a quarter of the book is devoted to pneumonia. Two medical men have told me that this is a most marvellous description. It certainly is a marvellous piece of writing. For whether the clinical symptoms be right or wrong—and I am assured they are right—this portion of the book is so brilliantly written that one cannot, one dare not, miss one gasp from the dying peer. The only exception taken by one of the medical men who criticized the book was that had the nursing been a little more expert, Lord Raingo would not have been allowed visitors so soon after the crisis, and he would have had no relapse. I like Sam. That is the peer's name. He is such a human, rotund little man and might have been quite happy had not Arnold Bennett interfered. Were Arnold Bennett to care a hoot what reviewers say, and of course he doesn't and why should he? he might accuse me, as did Miss Royde Smith's secretary, of having missed the entire point of his book. But I do not think I have, any more than I did when I read Miss Royde Smith's "The Housemaid." But the delineation of Delphine is so subtle, and the solution of her mysterious horror of wedding poor old Sam so unexpected, I leave it to each reader to make for himself. This is certainly one of the points one should not miss. Also I should add that just as two doctors assured me that the pneumonia chapters are magnificent, so did an M.P. tell me that Arnold Bennett understands "the politics of the day inside out," and has described "how things are done" with accuracy and discernment.

Repeating a Success

"**BEAU SABREUR**," by Percival Christopher Wren (John Murray), is quite a good story if one has not read its predecessor "Beau Geste"—to which it is almost twin brother. But if you have read "Beau Geste" spare yourself from "Beau Sabreur." The desert, the Sheiks, the villains, are all the same—a few more camels perhaps, and a positive welter of Arabic.

As a foreign legionary and a soldier of fortune in Northern Africa, Mr. Wren has, I think, exhausted the possibilities. There is a danger of his sheiks becoming as commonplace as Miss Ethel M. Dell's—at whom he turns up his nose. Give us something new, Mr. Wren!

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even if you find them,
It is wise and kind to be sometimes blind,
And look for the virtues behind them.



Night's Conquest By William Thompson

'Mid rambling bush and clinging vine
Above the singing water way—
My fancy calls to memory
The joys of some lost yesterday.

Across the meadow, daisy-kissed,
Sail ships of fairy thistledown;
And homing swallows dart, afraid,
Above the sleepy little town.

Long waves of fleece clouds, rolling on,
To where the Sun God's palace lies;
And thrones of golden colors blend
To paint the pictures of the skies.

Then darkness steals along the path,
The Goddess Day is put to flight;
And from the caverns of the world,
Rides forth to victory, the Night.

The Shanty Girl

Continued from page 22

and the room in a close circle about her—hands, kind hands holding hers, an impulsive kiss from the young girl who had stared, the fair young woman saying earnestly:

"Oh, my dear, your voice! You must have a throat like a bird's—the way you take the high notes . . ."

How kind they had been, how unbelievably kind. When from out the blur of faces she had seen the shining brown eyes of Leith Hazzard her heart had given a sudden leap of joy. There was pride in his face today, not pity as she had seen there yesterday. He was crowding toward her eagerly when Mrs. Walters challenged him:

"Well, aren't you proud of your find? You really sent me to Miss McGhee."

Leith had flushed, was floundering shyly.

"Miss McGhee is an old friend . . ."

"Yes, we're old friends," added Kathie easily, her bewilderment rushing toward him in warm gratitude. What questions they had asked her—about her life, her home, what training she had had. She had answered truthfully, too dazed to evade realities. She remembered afterwards how Leith had been close beside her, shielding her from the storm of questions. When the group had drifted away to talk of programmes and booths and contributions he had made her sit in a big chair, had brought her tea and thin little wafers. Presently, a dim consciousness of time rousing her, she had said goodbye to Mrs. Walters and slipped out with a promise to come when they wanted her.

Leith walked with her to the trolley. She heard little of what he said save that he was going on a short trip for the mill, but hoped to be back to hear her sing at the bazaar they were planning. She was glad to be alone, to dream, to relive every precious moment of her triumph.

ONLY when she reached the gate of her home did a sense of reality return. She hurried into the house, took off her dress, and flew about the evening tasks. It was dark when her father came home. A glance at his lowering brow withered any desire to tell him about today. Well, it would not matter; nothing would matter in the end.

To open her eyes on whitewashed walls, to feel the lift of joy that swept her into the pearl-dewed morning where homely tasks were play for winged fingers; to carefully press the white dress and lay it aside in readiness for the message that would call her again to Larkins, to relive the radiant whirl of yesterday . . .

But the days slipped by; a cold feeling of dread edged the dimming glamor of her triumph. Suppose they had decided not to have the bazaar. Suppose they had decided they didn't want her . . . A thousand torturing doubts warred and tore at her mind. And when, one evening, a small boy appeared to say that she was to go to Brampton and call Mrs. Walters by telephone, she felt a sudden weakness of relieved joy. But during the breathless walk to Brampton doubts and misgivings raced through her mind. When at last she stood holding the receiver the beating of her heart deadened the intonations of the soft voice:

"Yes, this is Mrs. Walters. Oh, Miss McGhee! Why, we're holding a concert at Timber Line Saturday night. It's pay-day there, I understand. They are getting up a programme themselves. Don't know what it'll be like, I'm sure. But Mrs. Hazzard suggested that you sing there. She said you understood the people — would know exactly what

would suit the crowd. So if you'd sing there we'd be very glad. Any old-fashioned songs. Or you might dress in some sort of costume and lead them in shanty songs . . ."

"Oh, not shanty songs," cried Kathie.

"Well, just use your judgment. We're depending on you. It's quite a prosperous place, I understand. We might take in quite a sum. Contributions haven't been very good so far . . . The bazaar yesterday didn't bring in much. It'll be all right, won't it, my dear?" The voice took on an anxious note.

Kathie swallowed, found her voice: "Thank you, Mrs. Walters. I'll try . . ."

The anxious details ran on, then she heard the receiver click. She walked homeward in a tumult of conflicting emotions. Why had she accepted? Like a stray to which the last scrap has been thrown. They had had the bazaar without her. Mrs. Hazzard had done this. Always Brampton had pushed her out of things. Saturday! Pay-day in Timber Line! Even as a child her longing for life and light had congealed in a nausea of horror—rough men in mud-encrusted boots, wrangle of thick voices, the thud of fists on bare flesh amid a ring of howling lumber-jacks. At twelve she had refused to go again. And now she was to sing there—she who had dreamed of the great dim auditorium . . . Oh, she had lost the courage of her childish days. Then when they contemptuously offered her what they did not want she had thrown it back at them, had fought them with her fists . . .

Kathie felt a surge of her old childish recoil as she drove with her father and mother up the long uneven street that hot summer night. The great mill sprawled its giant sheds and timber-strewn yards into the heart of the ugly town. This was where Leith would live, would work! Along the plank sidewalk sauntered a gala crowd, color-decked, laughing in boisterous anticipation. Here and there the exuberance broke into the crude melody of a shanty song. Kathie shuddered as her father and mother took up the air. They were proud that she was to sing in Timber Line.

"I'm going right up," she whispered as they alighted in front of Barcaly's store above which shone the lights of the "Hall."

Groups of men moved out of her path with perfunctorily lifted hats. They didn't like her, she reflected dispassionately. Dan McGhee's girl was "stuck up." She climbed the stairs to the long low hall. Kerosene lamps from unpainted walls shone on whispering groups scattered among the benches, on the rough platform with its battered piano and single chair. A strange, desolate longing swept over her for the dim auditorium with its shaded lights, its sprightly laughter.

But the small back room was a flutter of excitement. Chairs were strewn with bright finery; half-dressed girls preened before the mirror. Kathie took off hat and wrap and sat down at the window. Against her mother's shrill protests she had worn the white organdie.

"My, you look just grand!" ventured a blonde girl wistfully. "Just like a picture."

Kathie smiled faintly. "Going to sing, aren't you?" asked another, as she tied a broad pink sash. "Yes," returned Kathie.

"They say you've got the loveliest voice!" added the blond girl.

Kathie murmured something. If only they wouldn't talk to her! As though they divined her attitude their

Continued on page 38



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Up to the Minute Designs for the Home Sewer

FOR sports wear, for general wear and also for evening wear one sees two-piece models attractively displayed. Blouse and skirt may be of two materials or in two shades of one color, or in plaid check or striped or figured material combined with a material of plain weave.

Nearly every type of dress shows the ensemble idea. Coat and dress must be in unison, that is the colors must be combined pleasingly; a plain material and a checked material may be combined.

For general wear, for business an "ensemble" may comprise a woolen coat, and dress of the wool or of silk or crepe, and both should be made on simple lines.

A dress of georgette, of satin crepe or wool crepe may be worn with a velvet coat for the afternoon ensemble, or both coat and dress may be of cloth.

Blouses are shown in attractive styles and material. With a cloth skirt of a color to match the coat, a blouse of satin velvet or silk may be worn.

For skating one should have a heavy sweater or a suede wind breaker to wear with a short skirt. Knickers may replace the skirt.

Separate top coats may be worn with sports clothes or with woolen sports dresses.

For informal dinners and the theatre as well as for afternoon wear, the dress of crepe satin, georgette or silk, with long transparent sleeves is quite appropriate. The color of such a dress should be suitable for afternoon and evening.

Dresses of brocade, or metal cloth, of lace or bead embroidery are suitable for formal evening wear.

Velvet, moire or coating satin will make a smart and serviceable wrap for evening wear. It may have a collar of fur or embroidery.

Plaits are much in vogue. Fine side plaits form entire skirts.

Inverted or inserted plait folds trim the fronts of dresses. Box plaits and groups of plaits are also shown.

Moire is much favored as a dress material. It is now shown not only in waves, and other designs, but also in metallized, printed and floral effects.

Taffeta seems ever popular for dance frocks to be worn by young girls for whom brocades, metal cloth and such are not appropriate.

Flare effects are in evidence on the sides of dresses and skirts.

Shirring is used extensively.

The dress with soft fulness at the shoulders by way of inverted tucks or shirring is charmingly youthful when accompanied by a skirt in the same effect.

The new side draping creates a pretty uneven hem line. The same effect is produced by cascade fluttering draperies arrayed all around the skirt.

Scallops are shown on waists and skirts.

Long lines are a help to the larger woman.

A plaited section inserted across the front, or a vestee in deep outline, is very becoming to a mature figure.

The surplice closing also tends to slenderize the figure.

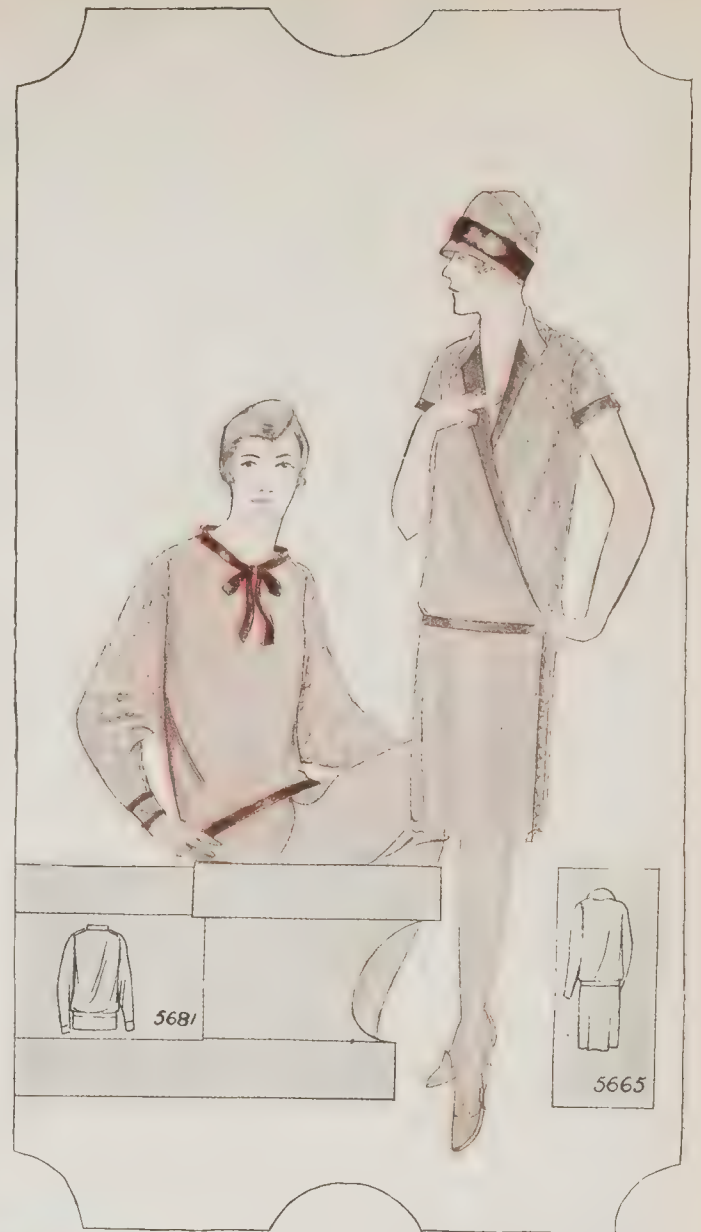
Sleeves and collars are very important this season. The sleeve in bishop style pouched above a close fitting band cuff is very popular.

The fitted sleeve, with a flare at the wrist or a small cuff is nice for tailored frocks and blouses.

The sleeve with a puffed underportion of silk or lingerie is a pleasing accompaniment to the bloused or bolero frock.

In coats we have the popular dolman for dressy wear; the flared coat, that widens from shoulder to hem, and the straight line coat ever ready and useful.

Belts, hip bands, and trimming are used to outline the waistline which is doing its best to remain low. Straight and flared lines are used in children's dresses. Boleros, smart collars, flares, plaits and shirrings are employed, just as they are used for grown-ups but of course with proper modifications.



Home Sewing Permits Fashionable Modes for Both Mother and Small Daughter

5662. Checked woolen and wool crepe are here combined. This is also a good model for velveteen, and crepe satin. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38-inch size as illustrated will require 4 yards of 36-inch checked material together with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting material for sleeves, cuffs and collar. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5657. Velvet and embroidery are here combined. This model is also good for satin, or for reversible crepe. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated in the large view for a 38-inch size, will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one material 40 inches wide and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for waist front, plait inserts, and facings on collar and cuffs. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

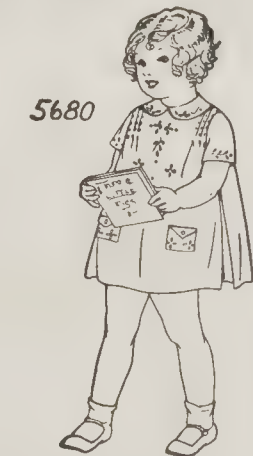
5658. Fur, fur cloth, as well as novelty woolen, camel's hair cloaking, velvet and moire are excellent materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on collar, cuffs and fronts. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5666

5677. Percalé, chambray, cotton pongee, crepe or rep may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on collar, cuffs and pockets. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5673. Velveteen or crepe could be used for this design. It is also suitable for wool rep, or jersey. The waist portions are joined to the full skirt portions in shaped outline. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5680

5660. Moire or faille would be very attractive for this model. The blouse effect is especially new. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated for a 38-inch size will require 4 yards of 40-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on the collar, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 9 inches wide for the vestee. The width of the dress at the foot with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5681. This model portrays the new "dolman" sleeve with saddle shoulder. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material together with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide if made as illustrated. If collar and belt are made of ribbon $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards is required 2 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5665. This is a very practical model on which the closing may be from left to right or from right to left. The design will develop well in gingham, chambray, percale or linen and also in pongee, jersey or flannel. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on revers, cuffs and belt, if made with short sleeves. If made with long sleeves $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material is required together with the material for facing. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5667. Silver brocade and chiffon are here combined. The design is also attractive in georgette or figured silk and satin. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 3 yards of the figured and 2 yards of the plain material 40 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5666. This pretty model comprises a brassiere and step-in drawers, each of which may be finished separately if so desired. Voile, nainsook, batiste, crepe de chine or radium silk may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. For shoulder straps of ribbon 1 yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5677

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Plain
Regular \$115, for \$ 89.50
Regular \$140, for 110.00
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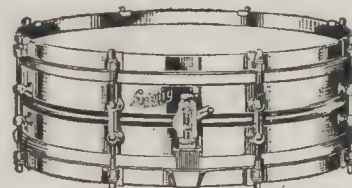
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Feeding Our Family

By Barbara Brooks

THERE is a most important question which the housewife has to answer—a question that has more to do with the welfare of mankind than any other since it involves the health of every man, woman and child. Wherever civilization has extended, this question is being asked by millions of anxious enquirers using as many shades of inflections—

What do we eat?

This is not a question such as was asked by a man who was one of a crowd standing by a grade crossing looking at the pieces of an automobile that had just been hit by a train, "Has there been an accident?"—or such a one as was asked of a man who had mistaken the open door of an elevator shaft for the door of his room, stepped in and fell ten stories and lay bruised and bleeding on the floor of the elevator shaft. "Are you hurt?"

"What do we eat?" is not a foolish question. It is a most important question for the health of ourselves and our families depends on whether we answer this question haphazardly or scientifically.

The body is a machine—one that works all the time—a most wonderful machine in that it builds, repairs and furnishes its own fuel from raw material. This raw material is food. All food may be listed under three heads: building foods, fuel foods, and regulating foods. Building foods are those which keep the body in repair and build new tissues for the growing child. Cheese, eggs, fish, legumes, meat, and milk are building foods. Fuel foods are those which provide the body with heat and energy. Cereals, fats, sugars and starchy vegetables are fuel foods. Regulating foods are those which keep the body machinery in good running order. These are the foods which contain laxative material, minerals and vitamins. This is the group most often neglected in meal planning. All bran, whole grain cereals, fruits, vegetables and milk are regulating foods.

In planning meals at least one food should be selected from each group for every meal.

This may seem difficult to do, but a simple breakfast of corn flakes with sliced peaches served with milk, fills this requirement. Milk is your building food, peaches the regulating food, and corn flakes the fuel food. A still more simple meal could be served with all bran muffins, butter, and a glass of milk. Milk is your building food, butter contains vitamins and all bran muffins the fuel and regulating food.

Cereals are our most economical source of fuel. Uncooked whole grain cereals are cheapest but the convenience of being able to open a package of ready-to-eat cereals, such as corn flakes, fill the bowls with this crisp, appetizing food, often balances the added cost.

Milk is our most economical source of building material. Milk has been called a protective food because the liberal use of milk protects against dietary deficiencies of many kinds. Milk contains protein, a building food, also an enviable supply of the minerals calcium and phosphorus. These are bone-building materials. Children should have a quart of milk a day and adults a pint. It is not necessary to drink that amount. Cereals can be cooked in milk instead of water and served with either milk or cream.

APPETIZING APPLE RECIPES

TO NEARLY all of us the mention of apples brings a thought of the kind we like best. This may be a golden sweet eating apple or a beautiful red cooking apple. If we live in the country our memory may be of picking the fruit from a bountiful tree. If we are city dwellers we may visualize a glittering specimen which can be purchased shine and all for five cents!

Whatever may be the visions which apples conjure for us, this is the season when they are most enjoyed. The long-idle cider mills are again busy. Rosy hams are rubbed with brown sugar and basted with cider as they bake. Boiled cider is enriching the mince meat



Breakfast Time

and apple butter. Spiced cider is being served at parties accompanied by pumpkin pie or doughnuts.

Apples by the bushel are being baked into pie—the real Canadian dessert. Apple dumplings are appearing on restaurant menus. How good these are served hot with hard sauce! Apple sauce, baked apples, apple relish, apple salad, fried apples—the ways of cooking this fruit are numberless. Apples are a fruit of which we never tire and fortunately they are wholesomely full of nutritious elements.

Apple Cornflake Strudel

Line a buttered pudding dish with cornflakes—then



Baked Apples with Whipped Cream

put in a layer of very thinly sliced apples, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon and dot with pieces of butter. Fill to top with alternate layers, covering with a layer of cornflakes. Bake in a moderate oven (380 F.) until apples are soft.

Fried Apples

Slice cored, unpeeled apples into hot bacon grease and when partly cooked add sugar in the same proportion as for apple sauce. Cover and steam until tender.

Apple-Cranberry Salad

Cook cranberries slowly with sugar so that they retain their shape. Drain and cool and mix the berries with an equal amount of diced apples. Serve with thinned mayonnaise on a lettuce leaf.

DO YOU EAT BREAKFAST?

EACH member of a family, each guest in a hotel, each worker in an institution, everyone who is leading an active life should be urged to eat an adequate breakfast," according to an article in a recent number of the Western Dietitian.

It seems perfectly reasonable to distribute the food eaten in twenty-four hours so that the body is supplied with energy at regular intervals. The author suggests that citrus fruits help develop the appetite and that orange juice half an hour before breakfast often creates a desire for this meal. This is worth trying especially in the case of a child who needs a nourishing breakfast before starting for school.

Cereal is a staple breakfast item. Cereals are comparatively cheap and are good sources of energy. Those made from whole grains furnish minerals and vitamins also, but if "white" cereals are preferred, deficiencies of this type can be made up by the use of generous supplies of fruit and vegetables. It is wise to keep several different breakfast foods on hand—rolled oats for cool mornings, corn flakes, krumbles or other prepared cereal for warm days, and a bran product for regulating purposes.

There are certain additions which make cereals more popular. Fresh fruits in season add much to their attractiveness. Honey, raisins, dates or figs can be served instead of cane sugar and will add minerals, vitamins and flavor.

An adequate breakfast includes in addition to fruit and cereal, milk or eggs and a bread. The bread may be toast, bran muffins, corn gems and, occasionally, waffles or griddle cakes. Hot cakes are less readily digested than those of crisper texture. They are improved by mixing bran with the flour.

Eggs are usually served boiled, poached, scrambled or fried. Less common but delicious ways of cooking them are by shirring, or in omelet form. The omelets may be varied by adding parsley, jelly, orange juice, grated cheese or tomatoes.

DOZENS OF DAILY DRUGS

A MEDICAL magazine recently published an item entitled "How Much Medicine Does a Man Take?" The answer is that "statisticians tell us that the average man fifty years old has taken, in the course of his lifetime, forty pounds of Epsom salts, ten gallons of alcohol, five pounds of aspirin, ten pounds of sodium bicarbonate, and various other medicines."

Does it not seem absurd that the idea of preventing disease by diet has not penetrated the consciousness of most people? This is especially true of constipation. If this condition is present, they take a cathartic—which ultimately may do more harm than good.

Learn to regulate your system by a wise choice of food. The following suggestions for menus include foods rich in fiber, such as bran, fruits, and vegetables:

Breakfast Suggestions

Fruit—Sliced orange, grapefruit, ples (baked or raw with the skins).

Stewed Fruits—Figs, apricots, prunes.

Cereals—All bran and whole grains.

Eggs—(not fried).

Toast—Whole wheat or bran bread toast.

Luncheon Suggestions

Soup—(Vegetable).

Celery, turnips, beets, spinach, onions, cabbage, peas, cauliflower, tomatoes, sauerkraut, carrots, or string beans.

Continued on page 33

The pick of imported sauces

In quality, flavor and appetising appeal, H.P. is the pick of them all.

Nothing else is nearly so nice or, by common consent, so tempting.

H.P. SAUCE

Oriental fruits and spices subtly blended with age matured malt vinegar



SAVE THE CHILDREN FOR CANADA

40,000 Canadian children die yearly, under 10, chiefly from maternal ignorance regarding food. Food-ignorant mothers cater to children's whims and give them foods robbed by refinement of all stamina-building elements, to make nice-looking food. Such are white flour, "part-grain" cereals, sugar, preserves, etc.

Children should eat home-cooked whole grain cereals, milk, eggs, steamed, leafy vegetables, salads, fruits. Roman Meal is an absolutely whole grains cereal, made from three whole grains and bran. What one grain lacks is provided by another.

Dr. Jackson, dietetic editor, "Archives of Therapeutics," New York, a physicians' journal, advisor to "Defensive-Diet League," a physicians' association, is a food expert. He invented Roman Meal. Write for his free booklet, "How to Keep Well," to Robert G. Jackson, M.D., 355 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont.

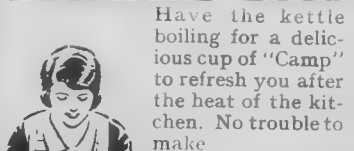
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"CAMP" COFFEE

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 30

Salads—

Greens, fruit, vegetable.

Bran Muffins

Dinner Suggestions

Small amount of meat or fish (not fried).
Baked potatoes (eat the skins).
Two vegetables (or more).
Salad.
Fruit.

DO YOU LIKE HONEY?

IF ASKED the question "Do You Like Honey?" nine persons out of ten will answer in the affirmative. But further questioning will reveal the fact that they eat this sweet only semi-occasionally and very rarely use it for cooking purposes.

There is no other food the name of which brings fragrance, flavor and texture so vividly to our minds. Aristotle even declared honey to be dew distilled from the stars and the rainbow. This is a pretty fancy but the way honey is made by the bees is hardly less wonderful. Nectar from blossoms is sweetness, water and the oils which give each flower its characteristic perfume. The bees transform this into the honey that we all know.

Honey being a natural sugar is easily digested. The simplest way to serve it is either in comb or liquid form with hot breads. It is often served with cereals and to sweeten fruits.

Many housewives in other lands make honey cakes. The recipe for Honig Kuchen or German Christmas Cake, is very old and has been handed down from one generation to another for many years.

The following honey recipes have been tested and found delicious and practical.

Daffodil Meringue

Honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Lemon Juice, 2 tb.
Boiling Water, 1 pt. Eggs, 3
Salt, pinch Butter, 1 tb.

Granulated Tapioca, 2 tb.

Moisten the granulated tapioca with cold water and stir it into the boiling water. Salt lightly and cook until clear. Beat the yolks of the eggs and beat in the honey with the lemon juice and butter. Add this gradually to the tapioca and cook over hot water until it thickens—about 20 minutes. Pour into a buttered dish, adding a little candied lemon peel if desired. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs beaten with 3 tablespoons of honey, and bake to a delicate fawn color.

Honey Cake

Butter, 1 c. Eggs, 2, well beaten
Flour, 4 c. Ginger, 1 t.
Honey, 2 c. Sour Milk, 1 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Cinnamon, 1 t.

Soda, 2 level teaspoons

Cream butter and honey, add well beaten eggs, sour milk and flour, sifted with soda, spices and salt.

Honey Corn Flake Muffins

Corn Flakes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Honey, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Milk, 2 c. White Flour, 2 c.
Baking Powder, 5 t. Shortening, 1 tb.

Graham Flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix melted shortening with honey, add to one egg beaten lightly, then add milk. Stir in the dry ingredients which have been thoroughly mixed. Bake in well greased muffin tins for thirty minutes. (Will make 32 muffins).

TASTY SALADS

Pineapple Salad

Take an equal quantity of pineapple and celery. Cut the pineapple in small dices, then take tender stalks of celery and cut in small pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. Add to this $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped sweet almonds. Mix all together and pour on lettuce leaves.

Dressing: 3 tablespoonfuls each, mustard, sweet cream and olive oil. Mix together gradually and beat thoroughly. Pour this dressing on the salad.

Beet Salad

Six beets, vinegar, mashed cucumbers, celery, lettuce leaves, parsley. Boil the beets, peel them while hot, cut the small ends and scoop out the centre, then cover with vinegar and let stand overnight. When you want to serve, fill with an equal quantity of minced cucumber and celery. Lay each beet on a lettuce leaf, pour over it some boiled mayonnaise made with mustard, and add minced parsley. This makes a delicious salad.

Continued on page 34

Patmore's Seed and Nursery Catalogue

is full of interesting information of the many good varieties of Seeds, Trees, Fruits, Shrubs, hardy Plants, and Bulbs for the Garden and every variety of Plants and Ferns for the House.

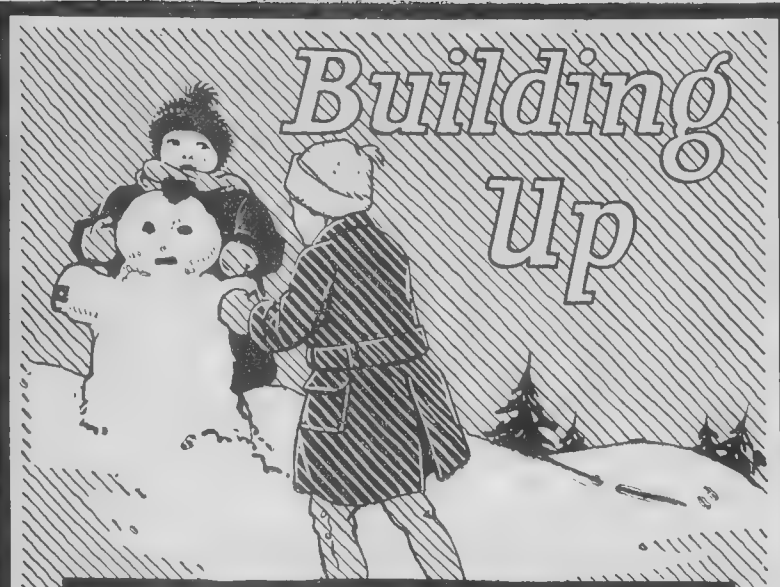
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Better Cookery

Continued from page 33

Tomato and Potato Salad

Mix cold boiled sliced potatoes with mayonnaise dressing made with mustard, to which a little onion juice has been added. Chill thoroughly. Arrange leaves of lettuce on platter, forming into generous sized individual nests, and placing in each a thick slice of tomato. Add a portion of potato salad to each nest, and garnish with halves of devilled eggs or slices of hardboiled eggs. Chill before serving.

Mustard Beans

One quart butter beans, cut and cooked in 3 pints of water for half an hour, and salt to taste. Take 3 pints vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. brown sugar, and let boil; then take 1 cup mustard, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoonfuls celery seed and 1 spoonful curcuma powder, mix with a little cold vinegar and pour into the hot vinegar and brown sugar mixture, stirring until it becomes sufficiently thick. Mix all together and let cook five minutes.

Very Easy Mayonnaise

Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Mustard, 1 t.
Flour, 1 tb. Vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Egg, 1, well beaten Cold Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix the dry ingredients well, add the egg beaten light, then the butter, milk, water and cold vinegar. Cook to a firm consistency. Strain and let cool. This makes a cupful. When serving, a few spoonfuls of whipped cream may be added.

Jellied Mayonnaise

Dissolve over a dish of hot water 3 teaspoonfuls granulated gelatine in sufficient cold water and strain. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and add 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, some cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoonful mustard, a $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick, then add 1 tablespoonful and half butter and the gelatine. Stir the mixture into 2 whites of eggs beaten into froth, pour into a mould and put on ice. When the mixture is cooled, take a teaspoon, and in a turning motion, spread it on cold sliced meat and garnish with a nut.

Tomato Sandwiches

Slice very thin some choice tomatoes. Have bread buttered and spread on some mayonnaise made with mustard, sufficient to cover the butter, lay a lettuce leaf on, and the sliced tomatoes. Delicious sandwiches.

Cucumber Sandwiches

Butter some very thinly sliced brown or white bread, then with a wine glass turned down, cut out rings of this bread a little larger than the cucumber slice. Cut the cucumber in thin slices which are then soaked for a few minutes in a mixture of oil, vinegar and a pinch of mustard. Put the sliced cucumbers, previously well seasoned with pepper and salt between the rings of bread well buttered. This dish is fresh, appetizing and very nice in appearance.

The Dreamer

By Jessie Findlay Brown

They have their husbands and their chubby children,
Backyards and lawns, in summer beds of bloom,
Fireplaces, window-seats and frilly curtains
And sunlight stealing round from room to room.

Mine are the hills, in sunshine and in shadow,
The kindling cloud behind the sombre trees,
The frozen stream, snow-white adown the meadow—
And there is much to comfort me in these.

The big brown hand of Nature is so kindly,
It never wounds, but only soothes and stills;
They are so rich, behind their lighted windows,
I do not grudge them—out among the hills.



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Federated Women's Institutes

TO HELP DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE Women's Institutes throughout Canada will help in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation next year, which also happens to be their thirtieth anniversary, the first W.I. having been organized in Stony Creek, Ontario, February 1897. This will be arranged through the provincial conveners of the committees on Canadianization and National Events.

The Fifth Biennial Convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada will be held next year "in apple blossom time" in the Annapolis Valley, which is the home of the national president Miss Annie Stuart of Grand Pre. The place will likely be Wolfville, and the time the second week in June, this to fit in with the date of the Nova Scotia W.I. convention.

ACTIVITIES OF ALBERTA INSTITUTES

Aetna W.I. has appointed a committee to interview the school board re arranging about dental work for the school children, the parents to pay one third, the school board one third and the W.I. the remainder.

Chancellor W.I. members are helping to pay the minister's salary by the donation of a dollar each.

Coaldale W.I. made the sum of \$100.00 at a recent dance and was able to make a payment of \$85.00 on a park which the W.I. is purchasing for the town.

Dinton presented twenty grade VIII students with their diplomas and special prizes at a community affair recently.

Winterburn had a shower of articles for a member who lost her home by fire, when she received a sewing machine, washing machine and many articles of clothing, also fruit and vegetables and \$16.00 in cash.

Wetaskiwin W.I. has a live immigration committee which visits all new comers in the district. This branch held a very successful baby clinic this fall.

Condor W.I. has offered to build a kitchen on the hall, provided the interior is finished.

Daysland W.I. held a very successful baby clinic when twenty-five children were examined. The prizes were awarded Marion Green age 11½ months, Leon Boulter 8½ months and Irene Boggs five months.

Harmattan reports that its last meeting was "Babies Day", when each baby was presented with a small gift. The W.I. is arranging the first inoculation for diphtheria for the children of the community, under the provincial health department.

Coleman W.I. has voted \$200.00 to the swimming pool, and intends to help more by putting on a concert to raise funds. Vermilion has set aside \$10.00 which will be given in prize money to the three best embroidered bed room sets at the next agricultural fair.

Spring Coulee W.I. members enjoyed very much the playlet "The Toonville W.I." at a recent meeting.

Standard W.I. cleared \$265.00 at a bazaar and masquerade dance a short time ago. Last year this W.I. arranged for a teacher to teach the boys good work, fifteen becoming interested in this.

Starline W.I. members at Claresholm were the recipient of flower seeds distributed by Mrs. Moreley recently. Vulcan W.I. had a darning competition. Hot lunches for the school children is a work of this branch.

Twin Butte, W.I. would like the girls taught sewing, and if the school board consents, has engaged a seamstress for two schools of the community.

Sunnynook, W.I. has decided to give a prize at the end of the school term for punctuality and efficiency.

Grande Prairie has voted \$10.00 for the purchase of two chairs for the hospital. Money has been raised recently by supplying the supper for the teacher's convention.

BRITISH COLUMBIA W.I. NEWS NOTES

Functions that have combined both social and money making aims, sponsored by B.C. Institutes have been reported by the following: Valley W.I. had a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. Pearson Kew, a bride-elect, and also a picnic for the children, when there was an attendance of 120; South Vancouver made \$27.95 at a garden party; Parksville W.I. celebrated

its eleventh birthday, this branch having been organized by Miss Ravenhill, when she was secretary of the Advisory Board for Vancouver Island; Oliver W.I. is making money by a sale of articles; North East Burnaby served dinner to the Farmer's Institute on Thanksgiving day, also assisted with a Hallowe'en dance; Kalamalka had a tea recently in honor of Mrs. Trask, who has been president for eleven years, when she was presented with a handsome leather hand bag, this branch also had a Hallowe'en party; Hazelmere had a masquerade dance on Hallowe'en; Winfield members had a fancy dress ball on October 29th, also assisted in entertaining C. E. Whitney Griffiths on the occasion of his visit to the community, members of Okanagan Centre and Oyama being invited; Sayward W.I. and the Native Sons of Canada made the sum of \$8.25 at a recent picnic; Harrop held a chicken supper in November and a flour sack and home cooking sale in December, also a tea in honor of the public health nurse, Miss Garrood who trained in New Zealand under Dr. Truby King; Victoria had a social evening recently; Sooke and North Sooke held a masquerade dance a short time ago.

HELP NEEDY CASES AND INSTITUTIONS

B.C. branches that have helped or plan to help needy institutions or individuals include; Shirley a jam shower; Point Coquillam a cash donation, while later help will be given a local crippled boy; Sooke and North Sooke one or more entertainments; Slocan Valley, a whist drive which netted \$20.00; Strawberry Hill, a donation of \$30.00; Victoria a tag day; Creson and District a regular monthly donation; Lake Hill, a fancy dress Hallowe'en party, jelly and jam shower, and bundles of sewing for the Queen Alexandra Solarium. Other work along this line, has been a shower of vegetables and groceries for an elderly widow in reduced circumstances; Point Grey distributed their articles to the Creche Children's Aid at Wall Street and other places during the summer; Creston W.I. is putting on a tag day in aid of the Children's Aid Society of Vancouver; Cannon had a hospital day recently in aid of the local hospital; Crawford Bay W.I. agreed to raise \$150.00 for another year, for a cripple boy; Midway members and friends brought donations of canned fruit and foodstuffs and \$16.50 to a recent meeting in aid of the hospital; S. Salt Spring Island collected clothing for a needy family, and held a benefit dance last month; Bonnington and S. Slocan has a sick visiting committee which makes calls and sees that flowers are sent to needy members; S. Vancouver W.I. has purchased a bolt of flannel to make into night gowns for the Children's Aid.

SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST WINNERS

We are appending a list of the winners of the special subscription contest open to Secretaries of the Women's Institutes which closed on December 8th.

Our best thanks to those taking part. We congratulate the winners and wish better luck next time to those who were not successful in getting a share of the prize money.

First Prize (\$20.00)—

Mrs. R. H. Barber, Dominion City, Man.

Second Prize (\$10.00)—

Mrs. C. Putnam, Halbrite, Sask.

Third Prize (\$5.00)—Resulted in a tie and it was divided among the following:

Mrs. Zilm, Glen Adelaide, Sask.
Mrs. Anna Shotwell, Erskine, Alta.
Miss A. G. Murray, Graysville, Man.
Mrs. W. E. Dayton, Arrow River, Man.

Fifteen Consolation Prizes were awarded to the following:

Violet Vance, Crandall, Man.
Mary E. Usher, Hamiota, Man.
Miss J. M. Scott, Arrow Park, B.C.
Mrs. W. Morton, Gladstone, Man.
Mrs. E. H. Phipps, Langford, B.C.
Mrs. W. Logan, Elnora, Alta.
Mrs. G. R. Holdershaw, Manyberries, Alta.
Mrs. E. Affleck, Clearwater, Man.
Gladys M. Amery, Crossfield, Alta.
Gweneth Judd, Brackendale, B.C.
Mrs. W. H. Hill, Fort McMurray, Alta.
E. H. Fenton, Solsgrith, Man.
Mrs. E. Busby, Pinkham, Sask.
Margaret Bray, Lenore, Man.
Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Glen Elmo, Man.



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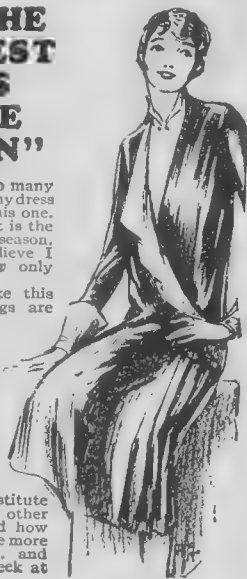
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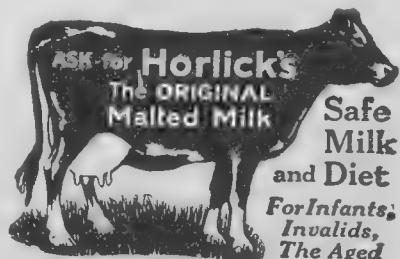
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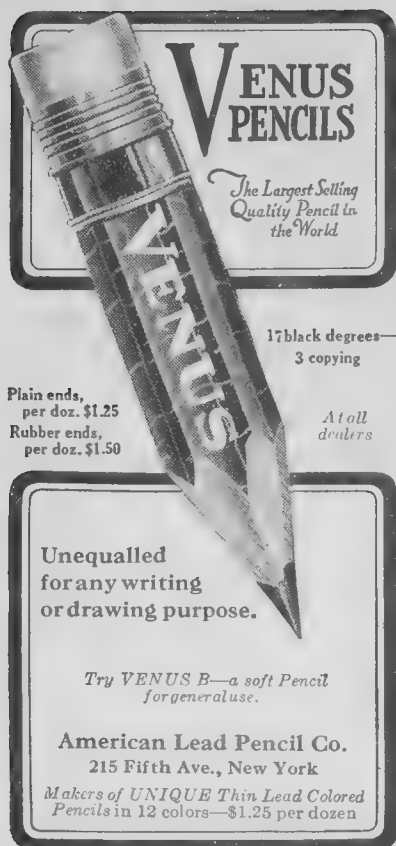
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Romance of Winnipeg

Continued from page 7

Smith, Hargrave, Ellice, and Fonseca, whose old town pump with its icy covering has been supplanted by the inexhaustible water running from Shoal Lake and a fire brigade second to none.

Across the river St. Boniface is connected by broad bridges, and around its Cathedral precincts can be gathered many a legend of the great North West. Its contemporary, the Anglican Cathedral of St. Johns, stood three miles farther down the river, a little grey stone edifice surrounded with grassy graves, a Western Westminster. It is said that when the first Anglican clergyman arrived, his confrere came and embraced him, saying he "was glad to welcome him, as he was needed to minister to his people."

Old Knox Church has just been torn down, but within its sacred portals no doubt that great missionary John Black preached, and Grace Church still stands as a link with the past amongst towering buildings.

We have been rather ruthless with our relics, but Winnipeg is fortunate in many instances. Some fifteen miles down the Red River stands Lower Fort Garry, a stone fort of the Hudson's Bay, which is in the same condition as when Peguis, the Cree Chief, was king

little bluff which broke the trip across the plains is now Regina; Battleford, Medicine Hat, all translated from the native. Winnipeg's business romance is in the great railroads operating through her; the assessment values reaching hundreds of millions. This is more magical than any of the Arabian Nights with Sinbad and Scheherazade and stories of scented sandal-wood, turbans, ivory, ambergris and genies, for here stand great churches, public schools and a great university which includes an agricultural college. Some idea of the agricultural country which feeds it may be sensed when freight in excess of two million tons a year is handled by its railways. Grain is inspected and handled by the hundred million bushels, making it a great grain centre, and the city owns and operates its paving plant, quarry, street lighting and waterworks including a high pressure plant for fire protection, and has also abundant water power from the Winnipeg River, the old highway of the Nor'-Westers from Fort William to the Lake, and down which the first white men came enticed by the tales of Ochagal; of the waters that ebbed and flowed, and one can imagine the disappointment as La Verendrye stooped, tasted: "Not salt, not salt, but fresh!"

The streets are lined with handsome buildings: banks, office buildings, warehouses, while



Where the City Hall
Stands

of the Lower Red River, a most interesting fort covering many acres of ground, now used as an Automobile Club. It is on the way to the Lake Resort, and a beautiful drive by the river through Selkirk on a well-kept auto road. Winnipeg is a lake of mystery, stretching into the misty northland three hundred-odd miles, and boat trips to the Hudson's Bay forts, as primitive as they were two hundred years ago, can be made by steamers over a week-end.

THE real romance of Winnipeg, like all Western towns, is in its development. Strung across the continent to Victoria are cities with names that spell enchantment to those who heed. Close your eyes, a flickering snatch of memory floats into the mind—a palisaded fort looms up—a railway siding, an elevator, those golden-filled granaries which are tied to the world by slender threads of steel. Then the criss-cross streets, lovely homes—and underneath runs the legend which went before. Pile o' Bones Creek, where the

about are lovely homes. Institutions are provided for the unfortunate and great hospitals for the sick.

The visitor to the city is entertained in the best hosteleries to be found, and parks with the greenhouses and Zoo are beautiful and interesting places to pass an idle hour. Among the places of amusement are many fine theatres and skating rinks. The river is especially attractive in winter with its fairyland appearance at night on the rinks and slides.

And now a great enterprise worthy of the city is launched: a Memorial for those whose cup of life brimmed over in the Great War; a Mall or Boulevard leading across the city to the stately Parliament Buildings; a street destined to be one of the great streets of the world; another Champs Elysees; a shrine of memories of the West.

... And all this in Winnipeg, which is only an illustration of any Western city. Romantic history, romantic business, a city where some fifty years ago was a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Fort Garry, in a far-away country called the Great Lone Land.

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Tens of thousands of thin, run-down men—yes, and women, too—are getting discouraged—are giving up all hope of ever being able to take on flesh and look healthy and strong.

All such people can stop worrying and start to smile and enjoy life right now, for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets which any druggist will tell you all about, are putting flesh on hosts of skinny folks every day.

One woman, tired, weak and discouraged, gained 15 pounds in five weeks and now feels fine.

We all know that the livers of Cod Fish are full of vitalizing flesh producing vitamins and these same vitamins of the highest class are found in McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—sugar coated and as easy to take as candy.

And this shows what faith the makers have in McCoy's for they say: if any thin person don't gain at least 5 pounds in 30 days your druggist is authorized to give you your money back—and only 60 cents for 60 tablets. Ask any live pharmacist anywhere in North or South America.

But be sure to get McCoy's, the original and genuine.

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Single Control Radio

Arthur O. Secord

The trend in radio receivers is most decidedly to eliminate the multiple control system which employs three or four tuning dials and to replace it with true single dial control. There are many reasons why this is desirable. First, it simplifies operations which is of course of prime importance. It tends towards compactness and lends itself to greater beauty of design. The trend of nearly every other article has been along this line whether it be automobiles, homes or clothing.

To obtain really satisfactory one dial control has been one of the most baffling problems to radio engineers for many reasons. As many people will know there are three variable condensers in most receiving sets and in order to operate the three condensers with one control, and obtain satisfactory results, has been a tough proposition. Many manufacturers turn the three condensers as one by linking them together with wire or a light chain or some linking device. This method has its drawbacks owing to the fact that the wire or chain does not always turn the three in perfect unison. Moreover, unless the capacities of all three condensers are similar you cannot expect results of a satisfactory nature. It is conceded to be a physical impossibility to manufacture variable air condensers and have them absolutely uniform in capacity. The plates may vary very slightly in thickness so that to secure proper single control another method had to be devised.

The next step was to mount the three

variable air condensers on a single shaft so that they turned in unison, but the old trouble of inequality in capacities of the condensers themselves proved a barrier to the ultimate goal. However, true single control receivers are now available, owing to a highly patented addition to the latter plan which provides a moveable plate between the first and the second condensers from the panel and moveable plates between the second and third. After the triple gang condenser is assembled and mounted on its bed in the receiver, the capacities of the three condensers are matched and the whole device synchronized by moving these moveable plates to proper positions and locking them there. This is accomplished by the use of extremely sensitive instruments devised for the purpose.

There are on the market today a number of so called single control receivers, but if you will look around a bit, possibly inside the receiver case, you will find something here or something there that must be turned and adjusted to give results. In my humble judgment these cannot be termed single control receivers, as it is my opinion that a real honest-to-goodness single control receiver should have its controls on the panel and these should not exceed the usual switch, a volume control and one dial. We need two eyes that we may judge distance, two ears that we may hear from different directions. But one dial on a receiver seems to be sufficient, providing, of course, that is built right.

Better Citizenship

The following is from an address delivered by Miss Violet Legary, of Pilot Mound. She won the medal for public speaking in the competition among the boys' and girls' farm clubs.—Ed.

THE best culture we have today is not agriculture, but soul culture. This is the one idea that looms before us in the advancement of citizenship. People have begun to realize that it is not only bodily strength that makes a citizen but that the strength of the soul is just as important a factor. Our chief problem today is the quality of our citizenship. Grow men and women—Men and Women—who can be called good citizens, and the world will not have much to say about what else we grow or did not grow.

Good citizenship is a difficult thing to define, yet must include: knowledge, good judgment, sympathy, goodwill, and, last but not least, moral courage. We must realize that the individual is a part of the community and the community is a part of the whole world. This means that every citizen should be as interested in his community as he is in his own progress. To help himself by ignoring his community is the worst kind of selfishness. The Ship of Citizenship is like a great boat in which each individual may be a rower. If each one rows with his or her utmost strength and heart, in the

one direction, the ship is bound to make headway.

There are, of course, many different kinds of citizens: an economic citizen, a fair-minded citizen, a religious citizen, a cultured citizen. Every person has at least one of these qualities, but would it not be a fine thing if we could add just a little of each of the others to what we have, and thus be much nearer a perfect citizen, that if we idolized our one or several particular qualities.

In closing may I leave with you a recipe on how to become a better citizen:

Take 4 lbs. of love, ½ lb. of good looks, ½ lb. sweet temper, ½ lb. buttered youth, 2 lbs. self-forgetfulness, ½ oz. dry humor, 2 tbsp. sweet argument, and 1 pt. commonsense. Put the flour of love, good looks, and sweet temper into a well furnished home. Mix the butter of youth together with blindness

of faults and self-forgetfulness. Throw in dry humor and sweet arguments, then add to the above. Pour in gently rippling laughter and common-sense. Work together until well mixed; bake gently forever.



Violet Legary

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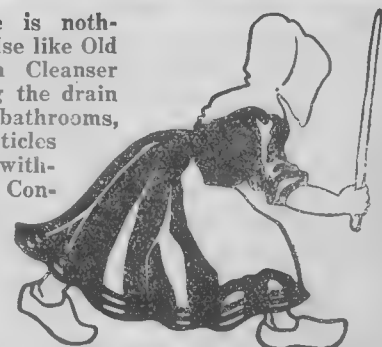
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The Shanty Girl

Continued from page 29

cordiality subsided into giggling whispers. It was to be a grand event in Timber Line. They had practised every night. The audience crowded in with loud laughter and excited talk. Kathie watched them—burly, broad-shouldered men, women with frizzed hair holding children on their knees. And she had dreamed of flowers and soft lights and rows of beautifully dressed people . . . Could she sing tonight? There would be no gladness in her song.

It was all so common, so cheap! She couldn't, she wouldn't, be part of it. This was what they had done to her in Brampton, Mrs. Hazzard and the others! A wild impulse to run away seized her. No, it was too late now. She clutched her music and started up. Mrs. Hazzard stood before her, the lines of her face tightened into a smile that seared Kathie as no coldness, no aloofness ever had.

"You have your costume ready?" she asked pleasantly.

"Costume!" faltered Kathie.

"Yes, for the shanty songs. We're leaving them until the very last. A rousing close to this programme," she laughed.

"But . . ." began Kathie.

"I understood from Mrs. Walters that you would lead the shanty songs," interrupted Mrs. Hazzard coldly. "You sing them with such spirit . . ."

"No, oh no!" protested the young girl sharply.

"It's all arranged. Everybody expects it. Why, Mrs. Walters is depending on you," she finished, turning away.

"If you have me down to lead the audience in shanty songs it's a mistake," she whispered clearly. "Call on me soon—the next number—a song . . ."

She would go away immediately afterwards. Then she was facing the audience, her head high, her step firm. Plaintive chords, the prelude to an Irish song . . . From among the rows of faces, rough, work-lined, one stood out alight with wistfulness—faded eyes fixed intently upon her, lips parted, knotted fingers clasped. She remembered. Brampton church last Sunday. The old man who had turned his head to listen to her singing. She closed her eyes. The weary gentleness hurt.

She heard her voice steal into the hushed room. And now her real self seemed to have slipped into the shadows to listen to the voice of an Irish immigrant crying out from this big, lonely land for the barefoot years, the green hills of childhood. She was singing into the hungry heart, the wistful eyes of an old man.

Presently she was off the stage, wondering at the hush, at the clamor of applause that swept the crowded hall. No, she could not sing again, she told the insistent chairman. The very heart of her had gone into that song; she had never sung so well. But she was before the audience again, smiling into the upturned faces. Flowers were thrust into her arms, great fragrant American Beauty roses! She had had her triumph, even in Timber Line. She had looked for inspiration among grandeur and riches. It had come to her in the lined face of an old man!

In the little back room she read the card hidden among the velvet petals: "Kathie, Kathie, you were wonderful!" Leith, of course. She hid her face among the blossoms. How she had fought her own heart! Surely, surely her chance would come!

Startled, she lifted her head. The hoarse cry of "Fire" rang out. Like a huge wave the audience surged toward the door. A piercing cry from a child, a shriek from a woman, oaths from the men as they crashed over

Continued on page 39



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The Shanty Girl

Continued from page 38

benches in mad fear, Kathie saw Leith leap before the crowd, heard his ringing command: "Hold on, boys! Hold on! There's women and children!" But his warning was lost in yells and cries of terror.

THROUGH the window Kathie saw. The mill, the great new mill in flames! Leith was fighting the stampede, grappling with burly lumbermen. Her father threw his mighty strength into the struggle. A suffocating fear gripped Kathie. They would be killed, trampled beneath the rush of hobnailed boots! If only something could stop them! She sprang upon the stage, threw back her head, and the words of an old shanty song were ringing above the din: "The Rattling Boys From the County Down!" Her slenderness bent to the rough contortions of the shantymen; she beat time with her hands, her feet, to the rhythmic swing of words. The mob wavered, a blur of faces turned toward her. She heard her mother's voice crying out to her; heard her father take up the familiar lines. Gradually the frenzied cries steadied into a lusty roar, strained, frightened, but gathering into a chorus of rough voices. Kathie saw the men go first in hurried-out orderly file, then the women holding children to their breasts, faces white but calm. She caught Mrs. Hazzard's eyes fixed wonderingly upon her. With the last rollicking stanza she gathered up her roses where she had dropped them and went down to the group that waited with her mother at the door.

The pungent smell of burning wood rushed up to them. The summer darkness lay thick outside. Flames from the burning mill threw long wavering gleams upon the dark lines of timber. A murmur of fear spread through the watching groups. If the fire should spread they were trapped, walled in by the dense forests. Kathie caught her mother's arm, pressed toward the men who were fighting the flames. Her father, Leith—where were they? Then she heard as one voice a cry of relief and gladness, and the welcome hissing and sputtering of water quenching fire. Shouts went up: "That'll fix it! The big hose! Good for Dan McGhee! Hurrah for the shantymen!"

It was over at last. Only the blackened roof and the heavy odor of smoke remained of the terror-stricken hour. Kathie saw Leith striding toward her. There was a little man with him, Sam McGeer, the mill-owner.

So you're the girl that sang," he began eagerly. "You know, seems to me I'll hear that voice long's I live. It's wonder. You ought to be trained. Me—I owe you more'n the price of a mighty good eddication tonight. What d'ya say? Want to go away somewhere an' study, little girl?"

"You could study quite a while at the Conservatory in Larkins," suggested Leith hopefully.

"I thank you. How can I thank you!" she faltered.

"Then it's a go," returned the mill-owner heartily as he turned away.

"Kathie, Kathie," breathed Leith, "even if it's to lose you . . ."

"No, no," she cried, lifting her roses to her flushed cheeks, "It's to make me more like you that I . . ."

"Like me! Oh, Kathie!"

And suddenly her hand was in his, and she was treading the stars that gleamed above the rough smoky town.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—Thomas Jefferson.

Jimson: "Life is a mad, mad race."
Weede: "Yes, and when we reach the end we are always out of breath."

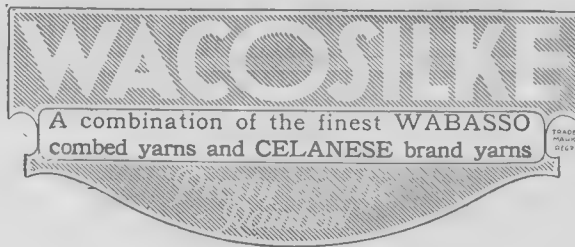
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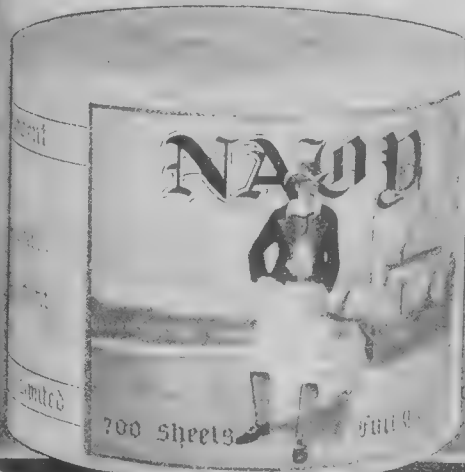
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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 16

have done—take a clown as minister. And, however, never has this country been better governed, never has it known greater prosperity. This war and these disturbances, of which it was the cause, have upset the most preconceived ideas. Tradespeople, workmen even, have become clever officers, and they say that the government of the Soviets has discovered in a sergeant an excellent cavalry general. It is not surprising, on the whole, to see a clown at the head of the Government of this country. Anyway," said he after a pause, "I do not regret my trip."

He went toward the desk and pressed on the bell, but at once apologized. "Oh! I beg your pardon. How quickly one falls back to former habits in a place that is familiar."

The officer in charge entered. Michel gave him his orders concerning the reception of Monsieur Pierre Ducastel, and the latter retired, walking backward, according to etiquette, not without having said to the King, who extended his hand to him:

"I am overcome by the honor that Your Majesty is conferring on me by granting me this interview, and I beg of you to deign to accept the assurance of my respectful devotion."

WHEN the former Grand Duke had gone out the King fell into an armchair, and, with his head in his hands, began to dream. A frightful anguish clutched at his heart, not that he experienced the slightest fear, for his visitor had appeared sincere and the papers left by him there on the desk were a proof of his good faith. Besides, Michel possessed a brave heart which knew no fear; but this unexpected revelation, the sight of one whose name and title he bore at present, rendered keener a thought which had already been torturing him for a long time, and which sometimes gave him the sombre air noticed by his intimate friends.

The Princess Olga loved him. That fact he certainly could not doubt. Each day brought him a new assurance of it. The face of the young girl brightened with joy as soon as he approached her; she leaned with confidence on his arm when they walked together in the flowered park of the Palace; she asked his advice on every subject; she listened to him with rapture when, in the evening, he played for her alone on his violin; she approved of all his decisions and the rumor of the disputes she had with her mother had reached his ears. Therefore she loved him! But whom did she love in him: the man or the Prince? By what was she seduced: by his intelligence or by his physique? Would she love him if he were disfigured tomorrow; would she love him if he were no longer a King?

Such were the questions that he had been asking himself for several months. Evidently he was in the wrong, for the moment any man places himself face to face with this problem the solution of which can no more be found than the quadrature of the circle, it is all over forever with his moral repose. Love is a fragile sentiment that one runs the risk of breaking in attempting to analyze it, and the heart of a woman never reveals its mystery. And, besides, what is the good of this curiosity? Isn't happiness nothing but a charming illusion? Isn't one perfectly happy when one really imagines oneself to be so?

Even though we should succeed in discovering just how much we were loved, where would be the advantage? Whatever be the cause of it, this research cannot, in my opinion, procure anything but rancor and disillusionment, for it is probable that, being endowed with unlimited masculine fatuity

each one of us would find that we are not loved as much as we deserved to be. It is, therefore, preferable to nurse one's self-respect with illusions which, on the whole, are perhaps very often the truth.

Yes, but very few individuals are ever placed in the position in which the good King of Georgevia found himself, and one can easily understand that, having taken on the personality of someone else, he did not reason things out like the rest of us.

"For, on the whole," he said to himself, "the Princess knew the Grand Duke; she was his fiancée, and it may be that her love for me was solely the prolongation of her love for him. I do not think so. No. She saw too little of him before the war and under conditions that were too strained to have been able to fall deeply in love with him. But, after all, I know nothing about it. Can I accept the tenderness intended for another?"

These scruples had always haunted Michel's mind, but they harassed him still more now that he knew that the man whose part he was acting on this earth still lived.

He certainly did not have the right to reveal the existence of this prince who voluntarily had passed for dead, and who was enjoying perfect happiness under cover of a borrowed name. But could he in all honesty usurp with Olga Alexandrowna, whose feeling of caste, prejudices, and inveterate belief in divine right he knew, these titles and this aristocratic past that she cherished in him.

You will tell me that these scruples should have come to him sooner. That is very true. But don't forget that our poor hero was in love, that he had loved hopelessly for so many years, that he almost died from this passion, and that at the idea of once more undergoing those tortures of the past, he, brave as he was, lacked courage. Put yourself in his place. After all, he did no harm or wrong to anyone.

Good; but then why, on the 15th of April, 1921, when Monsieur Pierre Ducastel left his study, did he suddenly experience this imperative desire to reveal to his fiancée the trickery of which she had been the dupe?

It was very complex. An attack of conscience? Yes, to a certain extent. But above all, discomfort in knowing that in the world someone was posted on this fact, and that this someone was just the one that he represented.

Understand me. Before this visit Michalis (it hurts me to have to give him back his name, but, however, I must do it) had finished by really developing into Michel of Georgevia. Knowing the Grand Duke to be alive, it was a part that he was going to act. At every moment of his life he would ask himself: "Is this all right?" He would also think: "What does he think of me, the other one, the real one?" And then a new feeling was being born in him—oh, still very vaguely—a feeling that put a flame into his eyes and a slight, almost imperceptible smile at the corners of his lips. Having seen "the other," "the real one," he felt his strength.

Do you understand? He sensed his own value, a very decided sense; he deemed himself worthy of the post that he occupied, and began to find it right and just that he had replaced this big, affable man. He saw in this event the will of Providence, and the wish seized him now to triumph for his own sake, to hoist on the shield his own personality, not in the eyes of a people incapable of understanding nor of those worldly people little apt to sense the beauty of such an ascension, but in the eyes of the one whom he loved and

Continued on page 41

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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 40

whose esteem alone mattered to him. If she knew, and if knowing she approved, little did the deceiving of others concern him, he would be really himself.

While he meditated in this manner, evening had come on little by little, and shadows, without his realizing it, had invaded the royal chamber, a violet shadow, on which trembled the golden glow of the setting sun, from which the sea beyond was burning.

It is at this hour that phantoms of imagination become definite; it is then that everything appears possible.

How dangerous are those evenings in the Orient! The damp vapor which comes out of the soil and draws with it all the perfumes of the flowers from their half-open blossoms, troubles the soul with a drowsy intoxication, dreams come and go, and alluring mirages dance before one's eyes.

There is no tired porter overcome by fatigue, leaning against the bales on the quay, who does not think himself a great lord; no beggar who is not certain of meeting the generous Calif from whom he will receive a purse of gold; no Gipsy who does not count on soon being carried away by a charming prince; no Jew who does not see himself a banker; no king who does not expect love.

A furtive murmur hums through the darkness; it is formed by the golden words that are mumbled through the teeth of the passers-by lost in their reveries, drawn away from reality, and already acting the parts that they are sure of playing tomorrow.

Oh! Orient, marvellous magician, thou alone allowest men to reach death without ever having despaired of life!

The strong soul of Michalis (Heaven, how it grates against me to have to call him this!) already softened by the intense emotion that he had just undergone, was captivated by this allurements like the soul of a poet. It is true that nothing is closer to the poet than the man of action. The former dreams his dream, the latter sees it, which is on the whole the same thing.

So the King came out of his study with his face illumined by a joyous resolution, like all people who are about to commit a colossal stupidity.

There was a fete that evening at the Royal Palace; a concert under the large verandah. Michel I. showed himself more charming, more seductive than ever, showering his alluring, smiling affability and the sympathy of his glance on all those present, from the highest lords, officers, artists, and notable personages to the smallest tradespeople and peasants, who kept themselves respectfully silent in the park. He introduced with graciousness the French musician Pierre Ducastel to the Grand Duchess Marie and to Princess Olga, and smiled to see that the latter had not been the slightest bit disturbed and had not sensed a trace of suspicion in the presence of this man.

Pierre Ducastel, at the request of the sovereign, played two classical airs on his violin. He was applauded out of politeness, for his talent appeared quite mediocre to all present. In short, everything went off without a hitch. At about eleven o'clock in the evening when the guests had left, the King, still smiling and sure of himself, begged his charming fiancée to grant him a few minutes' interview, and drew her into his study, where the drawings of Schibanow that had come from the red leather case were still spread on the table.

The night had become suddenly black, dark clouds chased through the skies, veiling the moon, and a stormy wind was coming down from the Caucasus, covering the sleepy town with clouds of dust, tearing off the leaves

from the trees, bending down to earth the slender stems of the flowers, and carrying off in its whirlwinds the mirages of the twilight. The sewers of Tcharkowla exhaled fetid odors; a dog moaned a death-like howl quite near the Palace.

This brutal contact with reality shattered the confidence of the unfortunate Michalis. He passed a damp hand over his forehead, on which stood beads of perspiration, and he instinctively felt that he was lost.

But you know how brave our man was. His courage even went as far as temerity. The idea of drawing back never occurred to him for an instant; besides, a mysterious strength was pushing him on. He remembered a night similar to this, that he had spent in 1914 under a furious bombardment. As on this evening, he had been afraid, the temptation of running away had taken hold of him; he had resisted, however, had leaned against the wall of a house in ruins, and for several hours he had remained standing, looking danger straight in the face. Neither would he weaken today.

Having seated Princess Olga, he began to talk as he strode up and down without ever casting on his listener the forceful look of which he knew the power. It was a challenge thrown to destiny.

He once again told the young girl in a strained voice, which choked him, of his intense love, his deep tenderness, his devotion to her, capable, if needs be, of being carried to the point of sacrificing his life. He recalled to her the matinee at the Olympia where they had found each other, their mutual emotion, their interviews, the confession that she had drawn from him, the words said by him at the station at the moment when he was leaving for this retreat which was to precede the revelation of his miraculous return—those words which you certainly must recall.

"Let it be done, dear Princess, as you desire. But I beg of you not to forget that your repeated insistences alone have persuaded me to declare to the world that I am the Grand Duke Michel of Georgevia. It is for your sake, it is in order not to lose you forever that I have consented to brave everything in order to mount the throne. Remember this, Olga Alexandrowna."

At this instant he stopped, nervously unhooked the high collar of his tunic, half opened the window, and breathed in the warm night air.

Olga had listened to him, at first smiling, then astonished, and now she remained immovable, her heart tightening, anxious, distressed, foreseeing a misfortune.

He came quickly to her, and then in rapid, halting words he revealed the whole truth to her, save the existence of the real Grand Duke, which was not his secret.

"No, I am not Michel Provinkoff," he cried to her with a kind of foolish pride. "I am more, much more than that; I am a man, a man who, clutched at the throat by fate, has known how to fight and conquer. Upheld by my courage, by my intelligence, and, above all, by the great love that I have in my heart, the love of you, I escaped from my obscure personality. I have made out of the poor little musician in Moscow, the clown Michalis, a King, and, perhaps, the best of government leaders.

"Tomorrow, if you still retain for me your confidence and your tenderness, I feel that I shall accomplish immense things for the good of humanity. I shall gather around me all the men of good-will, all the workers, all the lovers

Continued on page 42



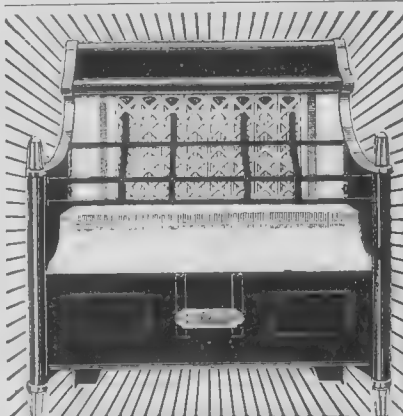
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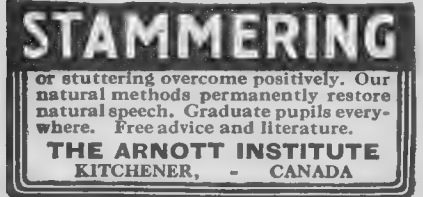


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19-38b

The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 41

of order. I shall overcome these fools who, dishonoring admirable socialism, that true policy of the heart, dream of crushing their contemporaries under the most frightful tyranny."

He talked and talked, caught by his own eloquence, and by the enthusiasm which uplifted him, making his face radiant, that pale face with flashing eyes.

But Olga Alexandrowna did not look at him any more. She had hidden her eyes with her hands after having given an agonizing cry. She did not weep; no, she was filled with shame, a shame which, quickening the pulsations of her heart, made the arteries in her temples throb so hard that Michalis suddenly saw only the two bluish furrows palpitating there beneath the strands of blond hair.

Then he stopped talking and fell into an armchair like a condemned man, for, before she had said a single word, he had understood the sentence that she was going to pronounce upon him.

The Princess had receded to the door with an expression of disgust and fright. All the prejudices of her caste, all the principles that she valued as the honor of her life, seethed within and indignation choked her.

Just as she was going out she turned around and said in a low voice, but in such a terrible tone that poor Michalis shuddered at it:

"Miserable man! You dared! What ignominy! Leave me! Fly! You fill me with horror. Go away, disappear! I am willing that you should have this means of saving your life. But if tomorrow morning you are still here, confronting your falsehood, I shall publicly reveal the infamy that you have committed. You will be dragged from this throne that you desecrate and stoned like a mad dog."

Michalis leaped under the insult, but Olga had disappeared, and now she ran as one demented toward her apartments, where she bolted herself in.

Happily for her the Grand Duchess Marie had gone, after the concert, in an automobile with some friends to have supper on the outskirts of Tchar-kowla. She was only to return late that night.

Alone, the poor little Princess began to cry convulsively, all her tiny person was shaken with great sobs. Then when the first crisis had passed she walked up and down in her room with sounds of anger. A common man had played a trick on her. Olga Alexandrowna, the daughter of the Grand Duke Alexander, Ataman of the Cossacks of Adour—on her, the cousin of the Czar! He had deceived her, ridiculed her, he had made use of her, of her prestige, of her relations, by the boldest kind of deception, for the most scandalous usurpation, the most monstrous crime of high treason. A common man—what am I saying? — a clown, a mountebank, a fool!

She tapped her foot with rage, and, seizing the portrait of the King which was on the table, she threw it to the ground, and stamped on it until the frame, glass and photograph were broken and torn to a thousand pieces.

But this person had not contented himself with such infamy; he had done worse: he had used his false personality in order to speak of love to a daughter of the imperial blood and to make himself loved by her; yes, to make himself loved. For (oh, how she blushed at this minute!) she had experienced for him a very tender feeling.

She wiped her lips so violently with her handkerchief that she made them bleed; her poor little lips that had received the kisses of this monster and that, more infamous still, had given them back to him.

Then she began to weep again, but

this time softly, sadly. It seemed to her that her broken heart was flooding her face with her tears. For, in spite of her self, in spite of her pride, her anger, her indignation, her disgust for herself, she could not dismiss the haunting obsession of those kisses whose sweetness still troubled her.

A great despair suddenly invaded her, and letting herself slip down on the floor by the torn photographs, she found herself murmuring, "What a pity."

This hurt her so deeply that she searched for something with which she might kill herself. But a new flood of tears overcame her, and she remained there, prostrated, on the soft carpet of her room, her mind a blank, her limbs painful; the tension of her nerves had given way all of a sudden.

As for Michalis, he had fallen in a heap in front of the door, out of which all of his adorable dreams had just fled.

WHEN he recovered from his fainting spell the King (excuse me for calling him this, but it consoles me a little), the King, I say, got up, rang the bell, and an officer entered.

"Go, I beg of you, and tell the Count Dobrowski to come and talk with me immediately."

The officer hurried out, and a few minutes later the minister appeared on the threshold of the royal study.

"Your Majesty did me the honor of asking for me?"

"Yes, Count."

Dobrowski advanced; a footman closed the door behind him.

"Excuse me for having disturbed you so late," continued the monarch. "I needed to see you concerning grave matters."

The President of the Council (whom, by the way, I hardly know what to call, for I am unaware at this time of his real name), the Minister of State, Dobrowski, Partner, finally raised his head with a surprised air; in truth, it had been arranged between his accomplice and himself (accomplice is perhaps overstating things; let us say associate, although even that is not quite exact), it had been arranged, anyway, between them, that even when alone, they would retain the official formulas, for fear of an unexpected arrival or an indiscreet ear. In such a situation one cannot take too many precautions, can one?

He looked at his sovereign, but did not say anything. You know that he is not talkative. He simply said, as he put down the portfolio that he held under his arm, and as if he had noticed nothing:

"I myself have two interesting communications for Your Majesty."

Michalis remained silent, so he continued:

"First, Sire, the *charge d'affaires* of Roumania has just notified me that his Government is ready to sign the treaty of commerce that we proposed to him. It is an excellent thing for the country."

"Let us leave all that."

Dobrowski bowed.

"Then, something more urgent. I have just learned through my special police force that the Bolsheviks, whose meeting I had the imprudence of authorizing this evening, have the intention of making a display in the street. I fear even that they may push their audacity to the point of attacking the Palace. I was just making preparations, when Your Majesty called me, to telephone the Chief of Police and to the colonel commanding the regiment of the Cossacks of the Guard. And, if Your Majesty will permit me—"

He was already holding out his hand toward the telephone placed on the desk, when the King stopped him suddenly, brutally:

"No, they will not dare! And, then, what does it matter to me? Let this incapable and ridiculous world fall after we do. I could wish for nothing better."

This time Dobrowski was struck by the painful intonation of Michalis's voice and as the latter happened just now to be standing in the full light, he noticed that his drawn face reflected acute suffering. Deeply touched, his old and brotherly affection took the upper hand, and he seized with a spontaneous gesture the icy hand of his friend and cried out, forgetting all etiquette:

"*Mon vieux*, what is the matter with you? Are you suffering?"

Michalis looked at him for a long time.

"The matter with me is that all is over, Partner. Do you understand? All is over."

"How is that?"

"She knows."

"Who could have—"

"I did."

The minister shook his head.

"I always suspected that you would end by doing that stupidity."

"I had no right to deceive her any longer."

"That's just your opinion. And then?"

"She hurled her disdain and indignation at my head."

"I am not at all surprised."

"It was not I that she loved; it was the royal puppet, this uniform that I am wearing, this power with which she is intoxicated."

"Deplorable education! Now, what are we going to do?"

"We are leaving. She sent me away."

"It's a pity, everything was going so well. I was beginning to get accustomed to luxury. Well, it cannot be helped! And when do we leave?"

"At once."

"Good."

"The first train leaves Tchar-kowla—"

"At half past three in the morning."

"It is one o'clock; we therefore have time to arrange everything. Sit down there, and prepare two orders of a secret nature under no matter what names. Sign also two diplomatic passports. I will return at once."

The King (don't forget that he still was one) went toward his apartments. Partner ran to him, placed his two hands on the shoulders of his friend, and, looking fixedly into his eyes, asked:

"Are you suffering?"

"Frightfully. But I shall be strong. Fear nothing. Do as I told you. I shall see you presently."

He went out, and Dobrowski-Partner began to make out the orders, which shortly would permit the two fugitives to reach the frontier before the scandal burst forth.

Continued in February Issue

Widely Extended Credit

The corner grocer, Mr. Butterworth, was looking over the credit sales slip one day. Suddenly he called out to the new clerk:

"Did you give George Callahan credit?"

"Yes," said the clerk. "I—"

"Didn't I tell you to get a report on every man who asked for credit?"

"Why, I did," said the clerk, who was an earnest young fellow. "The agency said he owed money to every grocer in town, and, of course, if his credit was as good as that, I knew that you would like to have him open an account here!"

Racing the Polar Pack

Continued from page 24

the suffocating hold the firemen slaved to keep the little bubble of the steam gauge at its highest level, and out in the freezing atmosphere a sailor at all hours swung a lead line wearily to sound the treacherous uncharted depths.

LUCK seemed to have favored us, yet dubitation lurked in our uneasy hearts; it seemed absurd, beyond words foolish that the huge continent of ice, the polar pack, which swings down upon Point Barrow early in September every year and locks the Arctic for all winter, would move back, contrary to all laws. We laughed mirthlessly at the amazing egotism of our hopes. But there was no use now in turning back. Undoubtedly the lesser ice field about Herschel, which so fortunately had opened and let us start so bravely, had drifted closed behind us. Yet for all the apparent madness of this dash for liberty, we were all gripped by the spell of it. We could neither sleep nor rest. Torn by fear and hope, we were a strangely inconsistent lot. By all Arctic laws the fate of the ship was sealed, for that ice barrier ahead of us was closed, and there were no bays in which the ship could seek shelter from the crushing force of the ice fields.

No moon rose to light us through the night of October 1st. It was dark and stormy. Snow swept in stinging flurries across the ice-sheeted decks. It was impossible to see; yet we ploughed ahead.

Shortly after midnight, through the shrieking dark an ice blink or reflection in the sky showed in the distance; and then suddenly through the blizzard, there loomed ahead, like a giant battleship, a solid wall of glittering ice—fourteen feet high—the polar pack. The telegraph flashed "full astern." The "Baychimo" trembled violently under the pressure of the reversing engines as she backed away in the niche of time. Few of us realized how close we had been to death until many minutes had passed. On the bridge a troubled group of officers gathered for a consultation. In the next two hours there spread over all the crew the horrible feeling of being lost in the Arctic desolation. We had lost our bearings; apparently the soundings and the compass were misleading. The ship presently moved on again at half speed skirting the ice. She had gone many miles when the captain took the binoculars from his eyes in puzzled wonderment. Pointing into the night he cried: "Isn't that a church spire on the port bow?" But the gathered officers could see nothing. Only the imprisoning wall of blackness, and the whine of the blizzard through the rigging. All were convinced the captain had been seeing things when out of the night came the quavering howl of dogs. The ship was swung in the direction of the sound, and gradually through the gloom appeared a church spire, a group of houses—the village of Point Barrow! The "Baychimo" had miraculously come through an opening in the polar pack, thus establishing a record in Arctic history for the opening of the ice field so late, and set free the ship in the very hour when the crew believed it doomed to be frozen in. In spite of the hardships and discomforts which we experienced, most of the men are going back to that romantic land, to the flaring splendors of northern lights, and the fascinating life in the Canadian Arctic.

Boston Transcript: A wealthy girl from America was attending a social function at a country house in England.

"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said an English duchess to the girl. "I always wonder why our noblemen take such a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them," responded the American girl; "it's our greenbacks."

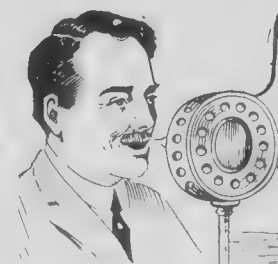
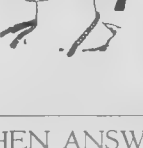
Tough: How did you get that swell bump on your head?

Tougher: I was standing on the bridge last night and a feller comes by with his queen. I tried to get her diamond and he trumped me with a club.

PUZZLE Who Won the Movie Channel Swim? WIN

New 1927 Chevrolet Coach \$1800.00 IN PRIZES

WHO ARE THEY?

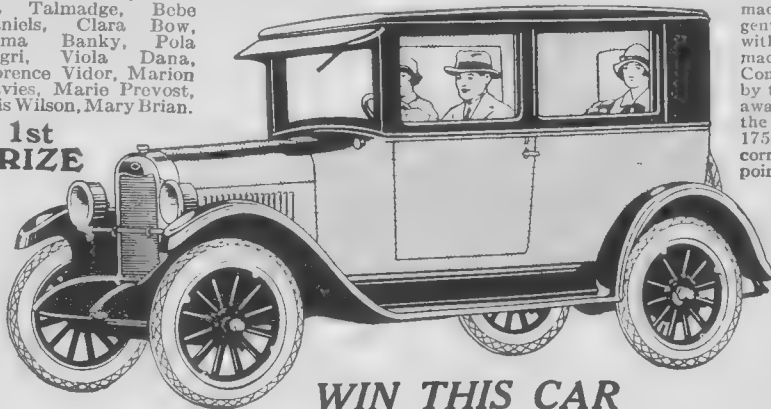


THE PUZZLE

Twenty-two popular moving picture stars are supposed, recently, to have swam in a race across the English Channel. Their names are printed below. The results of the race were broadcast by Radio Station BWLG, but the operator, to have some fun and keep the thousands of interested listening fans in suspense, announced the names of the first seven to finish jumbled up. For instance, he gave number 5 as "Nan grows o sail" instead of Gloria Swanson, and offered big prizes to those who could correctly name the first seven he announced. In the picture above you see him announcing the names in ridiculous fashion. If you can put the letters of each name back in their right places you will have the names of the first seven whose pictures are shown to the left in the order in which they finished. Find their names and send them in to compete for the big prizes.

NAMES OF ALL THE MOVIE STARS WHO SWAM IN THE CHANNEL RACE—THE FIRST 7 ARE AMONG THESE: Alice Joyce, May McAvoy, Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Madge Bellamy, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Seena Owen, May Allison, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, Vilma Banky, Pola Negri, Viola Dana, Florence Vidor, Marion Davies, Marie Prevost, Lois Wilson, Mary Brian.

1st PRIZE



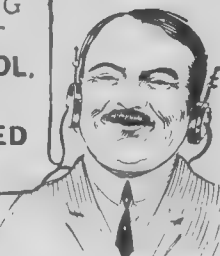
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If you are clever enough to solve this fascinating puzzle you have opened the way to being declared first prize winner. If your solution is successful in winning 175 points, the maximum for being correct, we will write you and show you how first prize can easily be won. Be neat and careful. Comply with rules.

WHY THIS CONTEST IS RUN

This is an advertising contest. We want to make you and your friends acquainted with wonderful Sterling Hosiery, made in all the better grades of pure silk, silk and wool, and pure wool for the whole family; and sold direct to you through a chain of Sterling Stores, and personal service direct to the home. We will write and tell you of a wonderful plan to save you money on your hosiery requirements. At the same time we will ask you to allow us to send you a few sample pairs to examine and show a few friends who will be glad to join you in saving money too.

SEND NO MONEY

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There is no entrance fee, nor do you have to spend your money to compete and win the highest prizes. This is not a sales contest for the biggest sales. Everybody's opportunity is equal.

PRIZES

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8th to 12th.....\$5.00 each

Money to pay the above prizes in full is on deposit in trust with the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Wallace & Lansdowne Ave., Toronto.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Write answers in pen and ink on one side of the paper only. Put name and address and name of this paper in upper right hand corner, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Put anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy, drawn or typewritten entries. 2. Contestants must be 15 years or over. Employees of this company, their friends and relatives are forbidden to enter. 3. Final awards will be made by a committee of 3 Toronto gentlemen having no connection with the firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. Prizes will be awarded by points. 300 points, the maximum, will take first prize, 175 points will be awarded for the correct solution to the puzzle. 10 points each for general neatness, appearance, spelling, punctuation and handwriting of entry, and 75 for fulfilling the conditions of contest. Contest closes June 30th, 1927. Entries should be forwarded promptly. \$100 extra prize for promptness will be given.

The Company conducting the contest is an old established, reliable and responsible Company.

References: Any Bank or Mercantile Agency.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain
How To Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestents are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.



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Add even amount of water, bring to a boil and serve—Delicious and economical—

"Canada Approved" is on labels of Clark's Meat Soups guaranteeing purity.

Ask your dealer for Clark's Soups

Made in Canada by the packers of CLARK'S Celebrated Pork & Beans.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Just a line or two to wish you the very Happiest New Year, and all the nicest things that can mean to you all. Isn't it funny to think that what you like I might not like at all, and what I like you might think was silly? We each have to have our own things that make us happy, so the best thing I can wish you is "Happiness," and if that means a new sleigh or a pair of skates, or a new book, or a successful examination, or a new friend, or a new hat, I hope that may be what you will have! Happy New Year to you all, and may your shadows never grow less!

If you want to see how I write this year, just look at the "Blottem" family, and you will find out. Don't adopt the Blottem family in your school books, the teacher might not like it.

Bobby Burke.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Joys

I'm rather fond of medicine, especially if it's pink,
Or else the fizzy-wizy kind that makes you want to blink;
And eucalyptus lozenges are very nice I think
I like it when I'm really ill and have to stay in bed
With mother's grown up pillows all frilly round my head;
But measles is the funniest, because you get so red.

Peacocks

Peacocks sweep the fairies' rooms;
They use their folded tails for brooms:
But fairy dust is brighter far
Than any mortal colors are.
And all about their tails it clings
In strange designs of rounds and rings;
And that is why they strut about
And proudly spread their feathers out.
—Rose Fyleman in "The Fairy Green."

(I believe that Miss Fyleman must be some relation to the fairies don't you? She knows so much about them. Do you remember some of her other verses that I have given you before?)

The Puzzle

The gold button goes this time to Lottie Cuthill of Ladstock, Sask., and also to Katherine Nancekirell of Athabasca, who filled in the verses as follows:

If I were a bird with my wings I would fly
To the top of a tree where no curious eye
Could discover the nest safely hid in (1)
a branch (2) a crotch.
Where my birdies and I need not be on
the watch. (1 and 2)
I would hunt every day for the fattest
of (1) bugs (2) cherries,
And also for (1) worms, (2) insects, and
the good kind of (1) grubs, (2) berries.
I would have lots of fun were I only a
bird,
But instead I'm a girl and it seems
absurd.

Honorable mention is given to Desmond Cooper of Vanesti, Alta.; Lauretta Soberg of Herbert; (illustrated) Gerald Berry of Provost, Alta.; William Higgs of Fiske, Sask.; Bessie Coxworth, Regent; Classie Pelk, High Bluff; Elspeth Lehman, 2746 38th St. West, Vancouver; George Cutforth, Barons, Alta.; Leila Quance of Robson.

Something Sent In

So many people got their "Log of Wood" stories in too late, it is too bad because there are some good ones on hand. Jean Pielou of East Braintree; Emily Merkel, Langbank; (a particularly neat, well written story which is going to have an extra gold button) Mildred Robinson, 840 Brockway, Saginaw, Mich.; Jean Thompson, Black Diamond, Alta.; Annie McLaren, Heward, Sask.; Marjorie Johnson, Pelly, Sask.; Ruth McIntosh, 2315 Mark St., Victoria, B.C., (also wins an extra button for a splendid story.

Such nice letters of thanks from Pearl Turner, Denzil; Virginia N. Innes, Abernethy; Eileen Dykes, Calgary, and some verses from Alberta Johnston of Vancouver.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

THE THREADS' PARTY

Everybody in the work-basket was very excited. There was to be a party that night for the two young Misses Thread. Mr. Thread, whose name was "Seventy," had four daughters, and he hoped to see one or two of them happily married before he himself became all unwound. Mr. Tape-Measure told him that he had a long time yet to live; there were many yards of thread still round him. Old Seventy felt, however, that his days were drawing to a close. His wife, Forty-White, had had such a hard life, with people always making use of her, that she had died some time before. Since her death there had been more calls upon Seventy; and there was no doubt that he was now wasting away.

for he found dancing hard work. "Do you mind if we sit down for a little? I feel as if I couldn't dance another inch."

"Not at all," said Miss Twenty-White; "but don't let us sit on the pin-cushion—it always gives me pins and needles."

"Why is Mr. Bodkin not dancing?" asked Mr. Tape-Measure. "He looks quite unhappy."

"Yes," said Miss Twenty-White; "it is because Miss Thimble will not dance with him. I don't know why he thinks so much of her. She is an empty hollow thing, and her face is covered with pimples. I suppose that, having only one eye, he does not see them."

Mr. Scissors came along at that moment, cutting a fine figure; and Miss Twenty-White blushed prettily. "May

in. There was silence in the work-basket. "Oh, bother!" said Mrs. Wright. "I have forgotten to get some forty-white thread. I shall have to finish the frock with this 'Seventy'; there is just enough of it left." Thus Mr. Seventy-Thread was carried off to spend the last few yards of his life in the service of man.

Hidden Treasure

By Nellie Reagan

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers who lived and worked hard together for a number of years on the valuable lands that they had inherited from their father. Day after day they toiled without a thought of the future, until one day fate, who is often very unkind, made them fall in love with the same princess.

Tiger was the elder of the two brothers. He was so named because of his heavy shoulders and coarse, tawny hair, and also because his face had something of the look of a tiger. His heavy brows gave him a very fierce expression. Paul, the younger, was the opposite of his brother, being tall and dark and slender and of a very quiet nature.

Gradually a coldness grew between the two brothers. Each worked with an added effort in the hope of getting rich enough to ask for the hand of the princess. They never spoke of their love to each other, but each seemed to know the other's thoughts, and day by day the heavy brows of Tiger looked more threatening, and day after day, Paul gazed at his toilworn hands and sighed despairingly.

Then, one evening, Tiger announced to Paul that on the morrow he intended to claim the hand of the princess. To Paul it was as though the cruel hand of his brother had clutched his heart and stayed its beating. Presently he said: "But neither of us are rich enough to claim so beautiful a bride."

"That we shall see," snarled Tiger, with a lowering of his fierce brows, and a clenching of his huge hands, as though he dared Paul to anger him. "Tomorrow I shall carry off the princess! She shall be mine!" And with that he strode from the house and out into the night.

Paul had already retired when his brother returned, but sleep seemed far from him. It was long after the rasping snores of Tiger had disturbed the silence of the night that he fell into a troubled sleep, in which the imploring eyes of the princess begged him to save her.

A loud exclamation from Tiger aroused Paul from his restless slumber, and leaping from his bed he found the sun high in the heavens, and Tiger at the door of the house gazing at something on the ground just outside. Tiger's eyes were ablaze with pleasure. He was saying: "Gold! Golden boots! Just my fit too! Golden boots!"

There, sure enough, just outside, stood two pairs of boots. One pair was made of gold, the other of some soft skin. Tiger stretched out his hand and seized the golden pair. The others were not worth his notice. Quickly kicking off his slippers he slid his feet into the golden boots. They fitted exactly. He straightened himself with a broad smile upon his face to gaze at them; but no sooner was he upright than the boots walked with him through the doorway. He tried to hold himself back, but the boots bore him away, and a voice that seemed to come out of the ground at his feet said: "Come, you have a long journey to go and a surprise awaits you at the end."

"Ha!" thought Tiger, "these boots intend to carry me to some golden treasure. Lead on!" he cried, and gave himself heartily to the boots. They carried him swiftly along, making him climb hills, and forcing him to wade rivers where the water came up to his chin, and dragging him through thick forests where the trees scratched and bruised him terribly.

When the day was nearly at an end, Tiger cried out: "Are we not near the end of the journey? We have travelled far." He had just remembered the princess.

Meet Some of the Cosy Corner Members With Their Pets



1. Mildred Herffonan of Eyebrow, Sask., and her dog friend
2. Helen McLean of D'Arcy, Sask., with her dog "Curlic" out on the wide, wide prairies.
3. Aileen Anderson and her dog "Laddie," Shady Nook Farm, Edrans.
4. "We are Seven." Islay Ruth Black, of 518 Basswood Place, Winnipeg, and several friends—human and animal.

That night was the twins' birthday. They were called "Twenty-White" and "Twenty-Black," and very charming they looked, standing beside their father to welcome the guests. The other Misses Thread, one in blue and one in pink, were dancing round the room. "I do wish the music would begin," one of them kept saying. Just as the last guest was announced by the buttons (looking very neat in white linen), the kettle began singing a jazz tune, and the dance began in earnest.

Miss Twenty-White danced with Mr. Tape-Measure. "What bad manners those Hooks and Eyes have," she said. "They stay by themselves all the time, walking about arm in arm. 'Yes,' said Mr. Tape-Measure, rather out of breath,

I have this dance?" he asked, with a polite bow; and away the couple whirled. Poor Miss Needle watched them out of the corner of her eye. She also liked Mr. Scissors very much.

Suddenly the kettle struck up a Scotch tune, and the Misses Thread all came on to the floor to dance the Scotch reel, for which they were famous. In and out they tripped, and round and round they spun. All the guests admired them greatly. Mr. Scissors became so excited that he also joined in the dance, cutting many funny capers.

He still danced on with Miss Twenty-White after the others had stopped. Mr. Seventy Thread sat smiling happily upon them. Then the door of the room suddenly opened, and Mrs. Wright came

The Blottem Family



A LOT of people joined the Blottem family this month and we are going to introduce you to some of them. I think that Marjorie Gibbons "Blottem" of Cadillac has the funniest looking name, don't you? and probably Donald Gallagher, Pinkham, has the next funniest, so a gold button will go to each of these new Blottems!

"A little farther yet," said the voice at his feet, and on they went at even greater speed. The surrounding country was quite strange to Tiger. He knew it would be quite impossible for him to find his way back without the golden boots, but he had great confidence in them as they carried him farther and farther away. He never doubted but what they would carry him back again. In spite of his bruised and scratched body he was smiling at the thought of the golden treasure to which the boots were surely leading him. What else could the surprise be that the voice had spoken of? Presently he said: "How far now?"

"When the sun has dropped from sight our journey will be at an end," said the voice.

Tiger gave a sigh of relief, for the sun was just balancing itself on top of the mountain before them. Gradually the air grew cooler, and the sun slipped slowly from sight, taking the golden light with it. Then the boots began to slacken their speed. Slower and slower they went, and as the last rays of golden light vanished, the boots came to a stop.

"Now where—where is the treasure!" exclaimed Tiger breathlessly.

"I spoke of no treasure," said the voice. "But a surprise. Look down."

Tiger looked down. The surprise was there, for the boots were inky black!

Then the voice spoke again: "You have travelled far from the golden treasure, for that was in the boots you despised. They were filled with the gold that you had hoarded dishonestly from your brother! Farewell!"

Then the oncoming night was disturbed by the rage of Tiger.

Paul had been amazed to see Tiger striding away in the golden boots. He tried to follow, but something seemed to hold him back. Then, too, he remembered that he was not dressed. He stood watching his brother wonderingly, until he vanished from sight over a distant hill. Then his gaze wandered back to the boots on the step. "They look to be just my fit," he thought, as he bent to pick them up. "My! How heavy!" he exclaimed. Looking into the boots he found that they were filled with golden coins. He emptied them out upon the floor, and the sight of the golden stream nearly took his breath away.

His thoughts flew at once to the princess. Without delay he gathered up the gold, hastily dressed himself, and pulling on the new skin boots, he made his way to the palace.

He found that he had not been wrong in thinking that it was himself whom the princess loved and not his unruly brother.

Amid great rejoicing they were wed, and, of course, lived happily ever after.

Keep your face always towards the sunshine—and the shadows will fall behind you.—M. B. Whitman.

We must do the thing we must
Before the thing we may;
We are unfit for any trust
Till we can and do obey.
—George Macdonald.

Say Daddy, Jock's cold is cured and we still have a box of cough drops left. What extravagance lassie. Tell Sandy to go out and get his feet wet.

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The Philosopher

Canada's New Year

THE New Year brings renewed confidence in Canada's future. No other nation has greater reason for optimism than Canada has. This is plain for all who have eyes to see and faith to understand the heartening signs with which the horizon of the future is bright. Optimism for Canadians has a sound physical basis in the extent of Canada and the vastness, variety and value of its natural resources. The coming year will bring the sixtieth birthday of the Dominion. It will see an acceleration of general Canadian progress. There is no power under the sun can hold Canada down, except ourselves. We are free within the brotherhood of self-governing nations which form the Empire to work out the great national destiny of our country. With a strong sentiment of united Canadianism, a truly Canadian spirit and an informed and vigorous Canadian public opinion constantly in operation, we can make Canada truly great among the nations.

The Secret

IT IS true of the average human being that he, or she, is not truly developed in character until well on towards middle life. When we are young we are usually too self-centred, too much taken up with our own importance in the world, too much concerned about ourselves and dominated by our own desires. The widened experience and the knowledge of life that comes from living and from self-education bring to us wider sympathy and a better sense of proportion, a truer realization of our place in the world and our relations with other people. The wiser we grow, the more clearly we come to see what true success in life means. Kindliness is the main part of the secret of happiness and real success in life. Such happiness, won by giving happiness to others, is no imaginary thing. Many possess it. It is possible for all to possess it. It comes to the person who has learned how to see the best in everything and everybody and how to make the best of things by carrying into practice the principle that it is only by mutual good-will and helpfulness that the world can be made better.

Hypocrisy is Not the Right Word

FROM a Winnipeg reader of The Western Home Monthly came a rather captious letter in Christmas week, complaining about "the annual orgy of sentimentalism which takes place at this time of the year, when so many editors and other writers write articles in newspapers and magazines about Christmas." Not that the letter was written in the spirit of Scrooge, as witness its closing sentence:

"I am not accusing you, Mr. Philosopher, of hypocrisy; I am accusing myself and practically everybody else, including you, I dare say, of glowing with Christmas sentiment at Christmas, but failing to keep up that sentiment throughout the year."

It is too true, alas, that many of us human beings behave like hypocrites more often than we would like to admit. But it is still truer that there is no worse mistake than the mistake of judging human nature unkindly. The glow of unselfish emotion which comes to most hearts in the Christmas season is certainly not hypocrisy. Many of us for whom in the midst of the season of cold and darkness the approach of Christmas brightens the air with a vision of the Golden Rule may fall back, when Christmas is past, into conforming rather with the iron rule of life—the rule of self-interest. All human lives are lives of conflict between higher impulses and lower impulses. Why say that when we are guided by a lower impulse we are showing our true selves, and that when we are guided by a higher impulse we are hypocrites? Surely all kindness is good. And it is not true of the average human being that he, or she, is kind only at the Christmas season.

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The Philosopher

Family Life

"WE MUST always keep in mind," said Lord Willingdon, the new Governor-General, in a recent speech on education, "that there is no substitute for the influences of the home and of religion. These take hold of the innermost nature of the individual and play a dominant part in the formation of personality and character." In these words Lord Willingdon has expressed a fundamental truth in education. Family life is the soil in which the best seeds of character can grow. Parents cannot shift their responsibility. If they fail in their duty, it is only in exceptional cases that somebody else can and does take their place. Certainly no school or other institution can do it.

The Importance of Listening

GETTING on well with people is helped by the ability to listen. It is better still to take a genuine interest in what the other person is saying, and listen with real sympathy. Too many of us are too fond of hearing ourselves talk. One can learn vastly more by listening to others than by talking oneself. But most of us love the sound of our own voices too much, and even when we do not want to talk ourselves, are impatient listeners to others, even when they have something to tell us which we need to know. The Philosopher remembers when once he was visiting Niagara Falls he asked one of the guides if sightseeing visitors asked many questions. "Yes," the guide replied, "and often they don't wait for an answer, but keep right on talking themselves."

Accommodating Agreeableness

DEAF people seldom get the consideration they deserve. Deafness is not an appealing affliction, as blindness is. A deaf person is often treated with scant consideration, and even laughed at. Nobody could be so heartless as to laugh at a blind person's gropings. It is thoughtlessness, not heartlessness, which makes people laugh at a deaf man's plight. The deaf person is in an unenviable position. His deafness tends to isolate him. He is always grateful to the relatively few people who will considerably raise their voices in speaking to him, or move to the side of his best ear, or otherwise accommodate themselves to his disability. How few of us are unfailingly ready to accommodate ourselves agreeably to the disabilities of our acquaintances, to say nothing of their little peculiarities! Yet that accommodating agreeableness is one of the surest means to success in life.

Weatherwise and Otherwise

A WRITER in a Saskatchewan newspaper quotes from the books of John Burroughs the remark that "severe and mild winters alternate—a masculine winter, as it may be termed, following a feminine winter." But Burroughs was careful to add that "this alternation of masculine and feminine winters does not occur invariably." Burroughs was a great lover of Nature and a notable observer; but he sometimes observed inaccurately, as he was ready to admit. "I will agree cheerfully," he wrote, "that the wild geese are, on the whole, better skilled than I am in foretelling whether there is to be an early winter or not; but nothing could be better established than that the wild geese, like other migrating birds, and like chipmunks, squirrels and other animals that lay up a provision of food for the winter, are sometimes badly mistaken and show themselves to be unreliable prognosticators." Which reminds The Philosopher that Thoreau once wrote, after observing a flight of wild geese going over a city: "They showed no inclination to pause in their rapid journey across the sky and consider whether they should drop down and make a stay in the city—where immense numbers of greater geese than they reside." The wild goose is a wise bird, in its own way. As for wisdom in the human way, one of the signs of it is the avoidance of prophesying about the weather—or anything else.

The Gathering o' the Clans in Toronto

Continued from page 23

me about the students at yon Agricultural College at Manitoba University, an' what else they learn about."

"Well," says he, thochtful-like, "the students are chiefly the sons of farmers and are working seriously and conscientiously for their B.S.A. degree. Most of them are going back to the land on farms of their own, for they are no children, you know; they graduate, generally at about the age of twenty-three or four."

"Some of them are taking the training, however, for the purpose of teaching, and some to do administrative work, or experimental work for the government, or research work upon government or college staffs."

"Research work?"

"Yes, such as that done in the Dominion Rust Laboratory. You see, the big agricultural problem of today is the control of rust. At the Dominion Laboratory they have a staff of nine men and one woman, doing research work which requires a sound scientific training, and the workers must be specialists in plant pathology."

"And just what might rust be exactly, Professor?"

"It is a fungous disease affecting grains. It causes, annually, the loss of millions of dollars. No spray has been discovered to combat it. It seems that the only thing to do is to breed up rust-resisting varieties of grains."

There are two kinds of wheats: the durum or 'macaroni' wheats, as they are sometimes called, and the milling wheats. The former are fairly resistant to rust, though not so good as the latter for flour. So they are experimenting with the two types of wheats, crossing them, in an effort to fix a variety which will resist rust, and will breed true."

"An' hoo does the experiment prosper, Professor?"

"They haven't solved the problem yet, but eventually the curse of rust will yield to the blessing of science."

"But to return to our students and their work: all during the course at the Agricultural College they are given a comprehensive scientific and practical knowledge of farming in all its branches. In their senior year it is almost entirely practical work."

"For instance, in my department they are constantly at work judging cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry. For this purpose we have our own herds and flocks, and the students also visit large herds and flocks of private owners."

"Each year we get together, of senior students, a five-man team, as they do also in the other agricultural colleges of the Dominion, and we bring them to this Toronto Winter Fair. Before the official judging is done, our student teams judge the horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry in all their classes, and they are marked by the official judges of the fair upon their ability to judge."

"This year the Guclph team won, and the Macdonald College of Quebec tied with the Manitoba College for second place. A trophy is given by the Farmers' Dairy Company, and another donated by the MacDonald Tobacco Company. And I may say that we Westerners find it hard to express fully our gratitude to the latter for their generosity in that they pay all the expenses of bringing the Western teams down to compete at this Fair. Otherwise we should not be here; couldn't afford it!"

"Are there mony Scots amang yer students, Professor?"

The Scotchman laughed, and while his accent had been lost, I thocht, in the Canadian shuffle (the beautiful burr of Messrs. Galbraith, Strachan, an' the others), he fell intil it, head over heels again, as he replied: "Whaurever there's farming, and stock-breeding, the wide world ower, and laddies makin' theirsel's the maist effecient farmers an' breeders, ye'll see the red heid o' the Scot, an' hear the Scottish tongue—aye!"

"Weel an' guid," says I. "We canna' hae tae mony o' us Scottish i' this braw young land o' Canada!"



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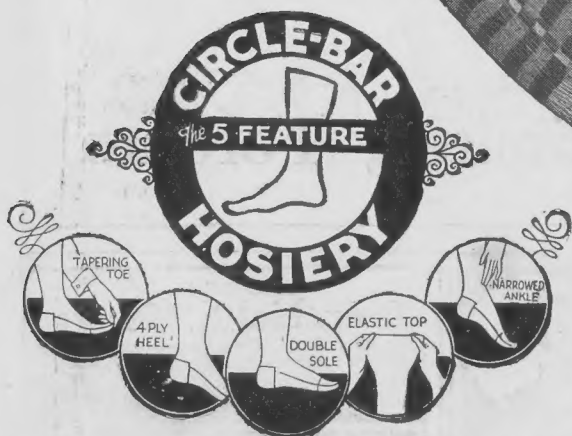
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What the World is Saying

But Every Knee Has a Cap

A fashion note says that the new skirts show half the knee.—Saskatoon Star.

"There's Millions In It"

Every cosmetic manufacturer and dealer knows that woman's face is his fortune.—Wall Street Journal.

It Is So In Many Families

Getting the baby to sleep is hardest when she is about seventeen years old.—Hamilton Spectator.

His Humble Lot

You can't sell a slave in this land so old dad is just a blessing, not a commodity.—Regina Post.

A Candid Admission

The truth lies somewhere between what Europe thinks of us and what we think of ourselves.—Washington Post.

Men's Hats Are Not So Various

The reason a man doesn't try on every hat in the store is because he really intends to buy one.—Toronto Star.

Sermon and Object Lesson

The sermon was on vanity, but nobody paid any attention to the minister; all eyes were on a woman, in a front pew, applying her make-up.—Toronto Telegram.

An Effect Antiquity Sometimes Has

If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it may be called a legend.—Manchester Guardian.

In the Land of Total Prohibition

A cautious man buying yeast, raisins and sugar at the grocery store may avoid suspicion by including salt, pepper and lard in his order.—Arkansas Gazette.

Vastly Safer

Mrs. R. F. McWilliams has been speaking on conditions in Russia. This would be better, we fancy, than to speak in Russia on conditions.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Sex That is Strong to Endure

After two hours of tramping around a department store with our wife, we are not the least surprised that so many women swam the English Channel last summer.—Halifax Herald.

Undoubtedly

After twelve "immortals" among the writers have been listed in accordance with the dictum of Rudyard Kipling, about 1,200 living writers will look upon themselves as well qualified to become the thirteenth.—London Express.

Services of the Automobile

The motor car has increased the ratio of mortality, created appalling traffic problems, contributed to juvenile delinquency, showed millions of people how to live beyond their income, and relieved us of the horse-fly.—Minneapolis Journal.

Statesmanship and Human Nature

The knowledge of human nature—of ordinary motives, desires, hopes and fears—is of the first necessity in a statesman, and without it, it is scarcely possible to make a good peace either in a war or in a strike. Most great statesmanship consists in knowing that your enemy is like yourself, only worse.—Paris Figaro.

Old-Time Political Acrobatics

Political speeches are different now from what they used to be when politicians indulged in flights of oratory and proclaimed in flowery language such essential truths as that public problems cannot be solved by politicians burying their heads in the sand while they are feathering their own nests.—Kingston Whig.

Motive Power in Plenty for Santa

There are 300,000 reindeer in Alaska. So no automobile agency can yet consider Santa Claus as a prospect.—Ottawa Journal.

A Thing of Vital Necessity

Transportation is one of the most important factors of a country's well-being, progress and prosperity.—Montreal Gazette.

Fiscal Wisdom from the East

The safest rule of thrift and economy—and therefore of practical business—is to keep the yearnings within the earnings.—Calcutta Englishman.

Warning Music of the Future

A needed automobile accessory is a small aerial harp under the hood that will begin to sound solemn chords when the car begins to hit fifty.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

There Have Been Such Things

A gold mine was once described as a hole in the ground owned by a liar. Sometimes, of course, there is no hole in the ground.—Journal of Commerce.

The Cost of the Talk at Ottawa

Canada pays fifteen dollars a minute for talk in Parliament. That is, \$900 per hour. Which furnishes a fine opportunity for some sound—and silent—national economy.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Ye Editor is Sarcastic

There is a gentleman in Philadelphia whose mind has been a blank for three years. We do not think that this by any means constitutes a record.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Where the Human Factor Fails

The Englishman who designed a motor car that will make 200 miles an hour could have employed his time better by designing one that would stop at curves and grade crossings.—Niagara Falls Review.

The Gentler Sex Can Be Strenuous

A woman explorer is reported to have killed eleven polar bears in Franz Josef Land during a short visit there. She went a long distance out of her way to kill animals which were doing no harm.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Headship of the Family

An Ontario justice says: "The husband is the head of the family." He may know the law on that point, but the women do not seem to be much perturbed by his ruling.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Matter of Taste

We met a Nova Scotian the other day who maintained that the Gravenstein was a better apple than the McIntosh Red. Which goes to show what queer views are held in the Maritime Provinces.—Vernon News.

More or Less

Flight Lieut Howsom, who flew 1,800 miles over northern Manitoba and part of Saskatchewan in nineteen hours, covered a distance from London to Bagdad or something similar, which gives you a faint idea of the extent of our north country.—Selkirk Record.

The Wisdom of Hopefulness

Very few philosophies of life can be brought to a logical conclusion. If, therefore, one has to take a chance on the future, it is the part of true wisdom to incline to the side of happiness and hope rather than towards gloom and despair. The rosebush has many thorns, but it also has roses.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Why Not Call It "Agriculture?"

It is estimated that in an hour and a half two aviators, each in an airplane with twelve bags of seeds, can accomplish as much in flying over forest reserve lands devastated by fire as two men working on the ground at sowing tree seeds could do in months.—Ottawa Citizen.